

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3023.—VOL. CX.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1897.

WITH SIXTEEN-PAGE SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



THE QUEEN AT CIMIEZ: IN THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE EXCELSIOR REGINA HOTEL.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier, by Her Majesty's gracious permission.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It will probably be some time before we follow the example of the United States in giving diplomatic appointments to men of letters. A far-away Consulship is the most that is ever thrown to them, often like a bone to a dog, in order to get rid of their importunities, and in return for some political assistance of which the Government has no further need. There have been some exceptions, but in their case literature has been but only one of their claims, and that the least, to favour. If we ever see in England the transformation of a literary man into an Ambassador, the selection will certainly not be made from our humorous poets; yet one of the best American Ministers we have ever had in this country was one of this class, and another has just been appointed of whom as high expectations are entertained. It seems to reflect no little credit on those who have conferred these appointments that they have chosen men whose scorn of humbug and pretence is the leading feature of their literary works. Anything less diplomatic, as diplomacy is commonly understood, than "The Biglow Papers" it would be difficult to imagine, had we not got the "Pike County Ballads," by Colonel Hay. There is, however, an example in them of how to deal with a protocol in "Banty Tim." We learn how the white man's committee decided that niggers had got to "mosey" from Illinois, and how Sergeant Tilman Joy, whose life had been saved by his Negro boy in Vicksburg Fight, thus replied to their resolution—

Now dog my cats ef I kin see,
In all the light of the day,
What you've got to do with the question
Ef Tim shall go or stay.
And furdur than that I give notice,
Ef one of you tetches the boy,
He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime
Than he'll find in Illanoy.

This seems to be of the nature of an ultimatum. The way in which the Colonel (as poet) can combine the iron hand with the velvet glove (a great attribute in a diplomatist) is well illustrated in "The Mystery of Gilgal"—

No man high-toneder could be found
Than old Jedge Phinn the country round.

But he was not one to let another man drink the whisky he had ordered for himself, and in the politest terms he tells him so—

He went for his 'leven-inch bowie-knife:
"I tries to foller a Christian life;
But I'll drap a slice of liver or two,
My bloomin' shrub, with you."

The way in which the Judge keeps his temper and uses language the most courteous, while at the same time insisting upon his rights and his intention to maintain them (*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*), is, though hardly official, quite a lesson for the Foreign Office. It is a mistake to suppose Colonel Hay is only a humorous poet: he has written touching and pathetic poems, whereof he is said to be much more proud than of his better-known "Pike County Ballads," which he is rather inclined to consider as his poetical wild oats.

The sale of Keats's "Endymion" for £700 and his "Lamia" for £300 is a remarkable literary event. The criticism that was falsely supposed to have killed the poet has perished long ago, or, if it lives, only does so by reason of its unworthiness; its author has been transfixed by the shining spear of genius, and held aloft for ever exposed to the contempt of mankind—

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou' not less blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:
Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee—
Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

Still, though we know how different is now the judgment of the whole literary world upon the merits of Keats, it is with a sense of satisfaction that one finds him appreciated so highly. Personally, one would prefer the possession of one of his shorter poems, for though quantity in these cases must be taken into account, it is quality, after all, that gives value to the purchase. For mere personal gratification, one page of a manuscript is as good as fifty; indeed, one page is all that is generally to be seen (under a glass case) of a whole volume. The proprietorship of a little ballad framed and glazed (such as "Robin Hood," for example, or the noble "Ode to a Grecian Urn") would give one almost as much pleasure, and certainly less anxiety, than "Endymion." Barbarous as it may seem, indeed, to the virtuoso, it is probable that if the sheets of "Paradise Lost" were distributed among the poet's admirers, they would confer more general satisfaction than is derived from the contemplation of the entire work, and much more than from the mere knowledge that it exists, which is all the information most people possess about it. The greatest happiness of the greater number is, however, the last thing with which collectors concern themselves.

Of literary forgeries there have, of course, been many instances: the latest, and one may well say the best—for he flew at the highest game—were effected by Simonides. It

is not many years ago since he left us—perhaps to find himself confronted with Homer, and have some ugly questions put to him respecting that edition written on lotus-leaves, with its interesting commentary by Eustathius. In this world it was highly successful, and the half of it sold for £1000 to the King of Greece, while the rest was offered at the same price to the University of Athens, when it was found that the manuscript had the misprints of Wolff's edition. No fewer than five times did Simonides reappear to fool the learned world to the top of its bent. His last appearance was in this favoured country, when he sold to the late Duke of Sutherland for £600 a manuscript memorandum of Belisarius to the Emperor Justinian, and also a letter from Alcibiades to Pericles for £200. To such audacity and enterprise no one (except, perhaps, the purchaser) can refuse his admiration; yet in this respect Simonides had his superior in Onomacritus, who, being guardian of the ancient oracles, interpolated in them predictions of his own—a theological outrage of the highest class. We have had but few forgeries of English poets, and these, excepting Chatterton's, but feeble ones. Some of Shelley's letters were, indeed, imposed upon Browning as genuine, who even wrote a preface to them, but prose cannot be so easily assigned to its composer as verse. What looks well for the conscientiousness of genius, there is (as yet) no record of a poet having rewritten a work that has become popular and sold it as the original manuscript, lost or destroyed as valueless before the laurel encircled his brows. Our modern versifiers, however, have too many eulogists to tear up anything of their own as being of no consequence at any period of their poetical existence.

Considering that the whole of ancient literature was confined to manuscript, it is wonderful that so much of it has been retained, though scholars are always sighing after what has been lost. The preservation of some of the most precious examples has been little less than miraculous. To a single copy discovered in a monastery of Westphalia we owe what we have of Tacitus, for instance. This is the more remarkable since the Emperor of that name had copies of the works of his distinguished ancestor placed in all the imperial libraries, and caused ten copies of them yearly to be transcribed. A page of the second decade of Livy, we are told, was discovered by a man of letters on a battledore while he was amusing himself in the country. He rushed up to town, but arrived too late. "The battledore-maker had used up all his parchment a week before." Two manuscripts of Cicero, on Glory, were presented to Petrarch. He lent them to his old preceptor, who, urged by extreme want, pawned them, and died without revealing the name of the pawnbroker. Two centuries after it was mentioned in a catalogue of books bequeathed to a convent, but could not be found. It is supposed that Petrus Aleyonius, the physician to the institution, stole it, and, having transposed certain passages, "which stand isolated and far above his genius," to one of his own works, destroyed it. The original "Magna Charta," preserved in the Cottonian Library, has certain mutilations, presumably from a pair of shears. It is said that Sir Richard Cotton, calling one day at his tailor's, discovered that the man was holding in his hand, ready to cut up for measures, a copy of the Great Charter of English liberties, with all its appendages of seals and signatures.

A young lady of thirteen is engaging a great deal of attention in the scientific world, not from her beauty or accomplishments, but from the extraordinary variety of her disposition. She is described as a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, at one time good and honest, and at others very much the reverse of both. Unhappily, in the former state she is dull, and in the latter clever, just as is often the case with ordinary people. This dual moral existence is supposed to have been brought on by an attack of influenza. It will be very awkward if so common a disease should develop such peculiar effects. Sometimes cruel, sometimes kind, one would never know when she meant to please. The interesting convalescent in return for a caress might bite one; in our hours of ease she might be uncertain, coy, and hard to please, and when pain and anguish wring our brow a ministering angel; but, on the other hand, she might be just the contrary. Like Mr. Quilp's dog, whose kennel was on the left hand of the entrance-gate, but who himself was generally on the right, this young lady seems to be both dangerous and uncertain.

Curiously enough, this singular case synchronises with the discovery made by Mr. Troup of the influence of the weather upon crime. Perhaps when March, with its extraordinary changeableness, has gone out like a lamb, this young person may become lamblike too. It appears that cold and dark weather does not produce dark deeds. It is, of course, the burglars' season, but, taking a larger and scientific view, its general moral effect is favourable. Suicide in particular falls off during the winter months, partly, no doubt, because drowning, the cheapest and easiest method of quitting the world, is made difficult by the water being frozen; but also, one fancies, through its excessive discomfort. Even if we have made up our minds to shuffle off this mortal coil, we prefer to do it with the least amount of inconvenience. The chief explanation of a low rate of suicide in winter is, however, that the cold weather makes people crowd together, and the influence of genial society prevents excessive depression of spirits.

Upon the whole, at all events, the general blame for crime attaches to heat rather than to cold, an indictment brought against it long ago by Byron as regards vice, which he affirms to be most prevalent "where the climate's sultry." It is doubtful whether the class of scientific discoveries which releases men from their responsibilities and lays their misdoings upon Nature, does not do more harm than good. It is so much nicer to point to heredity with the finger of scorn than to oneself, that there is scarcely a thief or a drunkard who now hesitates to tell us that it was the mother who bore him who is answerable for his iniquities. It will be intolerable if the temperature is now put forward as an excuse for moral delinquencies. "I own with deep regret, your Worship, that I did kill the child; but the weather was so exceedingly warm."

A recent "Note" gave one or two instances of weeping counsel; the appeal to tears appears to have been a modern device for influencing juries unknown to the ancients, but there were philosophers among them who did not disdain to "melt the waxen hearts of men"—

Hegelian, a Cyrenean philosopher and orator, did so lively represent the miseries of human life in his orations, and fixed the images of them so deep in the minds and hearts of his auditors, that many of them sought their freedom thence by a voluntary death; insomuch that King Ptolemaeus was enforced to send him a command that he should forbear to make any public oration on that subject for the future.

It seems a little hard on Hegelian, but also a great compliment to him, that his Sovereign should thus compel him to draw it milder. He was in the same position as a modern poet, who, though he wrote verses execrably humorous, confessed that he "did not dare to write so funny as he could."

A great traveller, we are told, on being requested to give an "illustrated interview" the other day, inquired "What terms?" The query seems to have surprised the applicant as much as that of the theatrical manager who informed the playwright that his drama was accepted, with the addition, "And now how much will you give me to bring it out?" To the outsider, however, it does not seem so unreasonable that the person who furnishes the information desired should be the one to be paid for it. Moreover, it seems a sort of provision for old age in literary folks that the interviewee should be remunerated. Just as the Alpine climber, when he can climb no more, can still at the festive board narrate his former feats (having "fallen," say the cynics, "into his *table d'hôte*"), so the popular author who has ceased to write can yet recount his reminiscences to the emissary of the Press. If the great traveller's demand prove successful, no doubt the literary folks will follow suit, and eventually we shall hear of X, Y, and Z as having retired from the active pursuit of their profession and confining themselves solely to interviews. In this case, however, it will be necessary for the representative of the Press to clip the wings of his Pegasus; for of late years, perhaps through the unwillingness of the "celebrity" to be pumped without compensation, it is in the mouth of the interviewer that all the best observations are placed, while the interviewee only seems as a peg on which to hang his theories and illustrate his private views.

It is generally understood that everything can be insured against except Boredom; but American ingenuity is said to have discovered something new in the way of abolition of risks. This is nothing less than a security against being buried alive, an accident which, although of rare occurrence, excites the apprehensions of many persons. A company guarantees immunity of premature burial by the creation of stores where their deceased clients are to be kept until it is beyond doubt that, as it is euphoniously expressed, they have "ceased to be customers, and become claims." This is one of those institutions in which one would rather have investments than be personally connected with—for example, as resident manager. An interesting and novel feature of the scheme is that, "if the policy-holder should prove to be alive after all, he should pay a substantial sum to the company which saved him"; an admirable example of the theory of payment by results.

"The Ladies' Bible," which is coming out in a periodical form in the United States, is not progressing quickly enough for some ardent spirits. When the work is completed and all the alterations and omissions have been made, so as to leave the fair sex thorough mistresses of the situation, they may, perhaps, rest upon their oars; but in the meantime something must be done to put mere men in their proper places. Mr. Walter, a Democrat of Labet County, has therefore brought in a Bill in the Kansas Legislature to give statutory force—in the right direction—to the Ten Commandments. For the violation of the First, 1000 dollars fine is to be inflicted; for the Second, 100 dollars and one year in the penitentiary; for Third and Fourth, 500; for Sixth, hanging by the neck till dead; for Seventh, penitentiary for life; and for Tenth, fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the Court. "As women are not ungodly, the above enactments are only to refer to men." It is not unnaturally suggested that some kind of X ray apparatus will be necessary for the detection of sinners against section Ten, but otherwise the Act (which has not, however, yet been passed) is pronounced by mass meetings (of women) highly satisfactory.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE EASTERN CRISIS.

The blockade of Crete has begun, but it has not produced any sign of submission on the part either of Colonel Vassos or of the insurgent chiefs. It is difficult to find any precedent for a measure which is intended to prove to the Cretans the desire of Europe that they shall be free to manage their own concerns. At present, according to the testimony of every witness, the insurgents reject autonomy, and demand union with Greece, so the effect of the blockade, should it be successful, will be to starve these people into the acceptance of what the Powers call "liberty." The irony of the situation is accentuated by the fact that the Moslem population of the coast towns who do not want autonomy are to be provided with food, while the Christians are to be reduced to submission by famine. Another eccentricity of the blockade is the friction between the allied Admirals and the Consuls of the various Powers. There was an animated dispute about the terms of the proclamation; and the Consuls have shown in other ways their inability to appreciate the fitness of naval commanders to manage a very delicate diplomatic situation. It is beginning to dawn on some of the strongest advocates of coercion that there may be something, after all, in the Greek argument that Colonel Vassos cannot be withdrawn while the Turkish troops are retained in the island. They are doing no good there. They are quite useless for the purpose of maintaining order, and their presence is regarded by the insurgents as positive evidence that the autonomy proposals are not sincere. It is suggested by the *Times*, therefore, that negotiations with Greece for the simultaneous withdrawal of the Greek and Turkish forces might be a reasonable way out of the difficulty. This identical suggestion was pressed on the Powers weeks ago, and they would not listen to it. They seemed bent on punishing Greece at any cost, whether this involved interminable anarchy in Crete or not. If they can be persuaded to take a different view, the prospects of peace will be very much brightened. It is rumoured that Lord Salisbury proposed to send a British force to Crete large enough to occupy the island. This was vetoed by the other Powers, or by some of them; whereupon the British Government intimated that they would not consent to the blockading of Greek ports in the event of Colonel Vassos continuing obstinate. It is impossible to say whether this story has any foundation; but there is doubt everywhere as to the solidity of the Concert on all the points at issue. That public opinion in England views the coercion of Greece with disfavour is manifest enough. It did not need Mr. Gladstone's Letter to the Duke of Westminster to elicit any expression of the extreme reluctance of the English people to engage in any measure which, if King George is to yield to superior force, may cost him his throne and plunge Greece into revolution. Even the blockade of Crete is regarded by jurists with grave misgiving. On the point of law it is contended by Sir Walter Phillimore that owners of British vessels will have a perfect right to trade with the island, and to claim damages if they are prevented from landing stores. Should an American vessel laden with provisions be seized by the Admirals, President McKinley may be justified in regarding this as a *casus belli*. Clearly the whole situation bristles with difficulties, quite apart from the stubborn refusal of the Cretan majority to see that the European Codlin is their friend and not the Grecian Short. Russia is said to be engaged in "secret agreements" which represent her own exclusive interests. According to one story, she has vetoed an understanding between the Sultan

and King George; according to another, she has guaranteed Abdul Hamid against any practical interference in Turkish affairs by the other Powers. The relations between Bulgaria and Greece are obscure, but it is denied that Prince Ferdinand is hostile to Greek policy. The massing of Greek and Turkish troops on the Thessalian frontier continues apace, and it is believed at Athens that the blockade of any Greek port will be the signal for a Greek invasion of Macedonia. It is quite within the resources of diplomacy to avert this by making such concessions to Greece as are dictated by common sense.

THE QUEEN AT CIMIEZ.

The chief incident of the Queen's sojourn in the Riviera to be recorded this week is the visit of the Emperor of Austria, who journeyed to Cimiez from Cap Martin on



THE QUEEN AT CIMIEZ.—VISIT OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA TO HER MAJESTY: HIS RECEPTION BY THE GENTLEMEN OF THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD IN THE HALL.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.

March 17, accompanied by Prince Lichtenstein, in order to call upon her Majesty. The Emperor's visit lasted about half an hour, and was of a completely informal character, political subjects being laid aside for a friendly conversation. Among the other visitors received by the Queen have been the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, Princess Olga, and Princess Christian and Ernest of Cumberland. Up to Monday last, when the sky was clouded and the atmosphere chilly, genuine "Queen's weather" prevailed, and her Majesty spent several hours daily in drives through the beautiful scenery of the neighbourhood, and even since the weather became less certain she has continued to enjoy the air, from which her health has already derived great benefit. The grounds of the Villa Liserb and the neighbouring villas have been placed at her Majesty's service, as in former years, when their owners laid down roads joining each other and combining to include a wide area for the Queen's private drives. Her Majesty has made constant use of this seclusion, but has also taken many drives farther afield to Mont Boron, St. Jean, Beaulieu, and other places of interest in the neighbourhood.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS STEEPLECHASE.

The largest number of entries yet on record in the annals of the House of Commons Steeplechase drew a brilliant gathering to Burrough Hill, Melton Mowbray, on Saturday last, not only from the surrounding shires, beloved of the sportsman, but from London and more distant localities. The brightest of spring weather fortunately went hand in hand with the enthusiasm of the members and the public, making the event altogether one of the most enjoyable of the present season from the social point of view, from which the majority of its patrons look upon it. This year's programme was enlarged by the joint fixtures of the Brigade of Guards' Race for a Challenge Cup, and the race for the Farmers' Plate for the counties of the Cottesmore, Quorn, Belvoir, and Fernie Hunts, so that the day was one of more than the usual local interest. In the House of Commons Point-to-Point Race, for a sweepstake of £2 apiece plus an additional £40, Mr. J. W. Logan, the member for the Harborough Division of Leicestershire, rode his Chic to victory by a couple of lengths, followed by Mr. Raymond Greene, member for the Chesterton Division of Cambridgeshire, mounted on Willoughby. The latter was closely challenged by Mr. J. A. Pease, member for the Tyneside Division of Northumberland, on Mr. James Pender's Outfit, the member for Mid-Northamptonshire himself coming next on Pennington. Close behind these came Lord Willoughby de Eresby's Eddie and Mr. T. Fielden's Captain. The race was divided into classes, light weights and heavy weights, and of the horses already named Chic, Willoughby, and Eddie were of the light-weight division, Outfit, Pennington, and Captain belonging to the heavy weights, who were placed at a disadvantage by the heavy condition of the ground.

UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE.

Once more with the arrival of the Oxford and Cambridge crews for their last weeks of practice before that time-honoured event in boating annals, the Inter-Varsity Boat-Race, riverside Putney has thrown off the sleepy aspect which it wears throughout the winter, and the towing-path is daily crowded with critics, expert and otherwise, anxious to form their own opinion as to the comparative merits of the two crews and the probable issue of this year's battle. As has frequently been the case in former years, the Cambridge men were the first to make their appearance on the Putney course, the Oxford crew breaking their journey from their home waters by spending a week on the Henley reach, where they have been the guests of Sir John Edwards-Moss, a Dark Blue oar of note some twenty and odd years ago. When they first reached Putney, the Light Blues were distinctly in the ascendant in the favour of many judges who had journeyed down to see their rivals; but during their week at Henley and since their advent at Putney, the Dark Blues have continued to improve so steadily and surely that they have become the favourites in the opinion of many competent critics. For while the Oxford men have lost a good deal of their early raggedness and have developed strikingly in pace and length of stroke, the Cambridge crew has maintained but not improved upon its general form of a fortnight ago. The lively stream of the tideway has, as it invariably does, revealed faults in both Light Blues and Dark, for which critics unacquainted with the conditions of University rowing are hardly prepared, but the last fortnight of practice always works wonders in the form of both crews. The Oxford boat, which has seven old Blues to the four of Cambridge, is considerably the heavier, but the weight is not so well distributed as in the Cambridge crew, nor is the balance of the Dark Blue boat so true. All things considered, the race at present promises to be close and exciting.



THE QUEEN AT CIMIEZ.—HER MAJESTY RETURNING FROM A DRIVE BY THE VILLEFRANCHE ROAD: H.M.S. "CAMBRIAN" LYING OFF VILLEFRANCHE.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.



THE EASTERN CRISIS: REFUGEES FROM KANDAMOS LANDING ON THE QUAY AT CANEA.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Prince of Wales was at Monte Carlo on Saturday evening. The Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Fife, and Princess Victoria left England for Denmark on Tuesday.

The Duke of York on March 17 presided over a dinner in aid of the Association for the Oral Teaching of the Deaf and Dumb, and the Duke of Fife was one of the speakers. On the same day the Duke of York opened at Chelsea House an exhibition and sale of work of the Irish Industries Association.

A Cabinet Council was held on Saturday at the Foreign Office, but Lord Salisbury was prevented from attending it by a slight attack of influenza. His Lordship is recovering, and on Tuesday the Ministers held another Cabinet Council at his house in Arlington Street.

The Lord Mayor of London on Saturday, at the Mansion House, presided over the meeting of the Hospital Saturday Fund, which has received the sum of £20,600 during the year. The Lord Mayor on that day also opened the Building Trades Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall.

The Marquis of Ripon, formerly Viceroy of India, gave evidence on March 18 before the Royal Commission of Inquiry on Indian military expenditure, and disapproved

School, Alexandra Orphanage, and Convalescent Home have since provided education and comfort for no less than 5450 fatherless children. It is supported by voluntary contributions, but its income is sadly inadequate to its necessary expenditure, and further subscriptions or donations, entailing votes for candidates, are earnestly desired.

The Berlin celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the late William I., King of Prussia and German Emperor, began on Saturday with special religious services in the Memorial Church, attended by the Emperor William II., with the Empress and the Prussian royal family, the Kings of Saxony and Württemberg, the Grand Dukes and other Princes of Germany; the Duke of Connaught represented our Queen. There was a grand military procession on Monday, followed by the uncovering of the National Monument near the Royal Palace, and by a State banquet.

In Austria the elections to the new Reichstag from March 8 to March 24 have not strengthened Count Badeni's Government, but he may still have a majority with the aid of the Clerical and Anti-Semitic parties, and with some concessions to the Czech nationality in Bohemia. The Emperor, who was on the Riviera, has returned to Vienna.

The Italian Parliamentary elections on Sunday last returned 320 supporters of the Ministry, or Moderate

PARLIAMENT.

One of the most important discussions of the present Parliament was initiated by Lord Salisbury for the benefit of Lord Kimberley, in an almost empty House of Lords. The Prime Minister dwelt with much gravity on Lord Kimberley's speech at Norwich. The noble Earl opposite would some day be Foreign Secretary, and was the House to understand that the noble Earl and his party had formally abandoned the doctrine of the "integrity and independence" of the Ottoman Empire? Such a declaration was a most serious matter for the country, and could not but greatly increase the responsibility of the present Government, seeing that both parties in the State had hitherto accepted the "integrity" formula. Lord Kimberley replied that the noble Marquis had correctly interpreted the Norwich manifesto. The Liberal party were resolved to dissociate themselves absolutely from the maintenance of the Turkish Empire, which was the curse of Europe. In the House of Commons the prospect of a vote of censure on the Government policy in this business has become uncertain, owing to the absence of any overt action against Greece. Much depends on the contingency that the blockade of Crete may be extended to Greek ports, but it is hoped on all sides that this will be averted. Mr. Balfour carried the Education



THE EASTERN CRISIS: LARISSA, IN THESSALY, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE GREEK TROOPS NOW MUSTERING ON THE TURKISH FRONTIER.

From a Sketch by the Rev. W. Louchier, H.M.S. "Hood."

of the employment of Indian troops for imperial purposes out of India.

In consequence of the dispute in the engineering trade on the Tyne, the Wear, and the Clyde, notices were issued at the end of last week by the employers on the Clyde that all members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers would be locked out after Friday, March 26.

Lord Penrhyn has held a conference with delegates of the workmen at his Bethesda slate quarries, but they were not able to settle the dispute, as his Lordship refused to treat with the union.

The British and Foreign Sailors' Society, at a meeting held at the Mansion House under the presidency of the Lord Mayor on Monday, was favoured with the presence of the Duchess of Albany. The object was to establish a Ladies' Guild in support of the Albert Victor Sailors' Rest at the West India Docks, and to aid the finances of that institution. Her Royal Highness accepted purses of money contributed for this purpose. Lord Kinnaird, Archdeacon Sinclair, and Alderman Sir Joseph Dimsdale addressed the meeting.

The Mansion House Fund for the relief of the Indian famine amounts to £450,000. Lord Derby has sent to the Viceroy of India the sum of £100,000 already raised in Lancashire. The number of distressed people on the Government relief lists now exceeds three millions.

The annual festival dinner of that most deserving institution the Orphan Working School is to be held at the Hôtel Métropole, on Tuesday, March 30, with Mr. Horace Brooks Marshall in the chair. The Orphan Working School was founded in 1758, and its combined

Conservatives, against seventy-five Opposition and thirty-five Radical and Socialist candidates, the party of Signor Crispi being entirely defeated.

Another local massacre of Armenians, at Tokat, in the province of Sivas, took place on March 18. There were over a hundred killed, and pillage was continued eight hours.

The Spanish military Governor of the Philippine Islands, General Polavieja, has resigned his command on account of ill-health, and is to be succeeded by Marshal Primo Rivera. A despatch from General Weyler, in Cuba, announces that he is about to resume active operations against the rebels in the central and eastern provinces.

The dispute between President Kruger and the Judges of the High Court in the Transvaal about the claim of that Court to test the constitutional legality of legislative Acts of the Volksraad, seems now to be in a way towards adjustment. The Judges have agreed to withdraw that claim, while the President has undertaken to propose an amendment of the Constitution, establishing the independent authority of the High Court, as in the United States of America. A treaty has been agreed upon by which the burghers of the Transvaal and of the Orange Free State are mutually to possess the franchise in each State.

Extensive floods in the lower part of the Mississippi plains and in Kansas have caused much damage and distress and loss of life. Many villages and suburbs of towns were rendered uninhabitable. Fifty persons were drowned near Memphis, in Tennessee. A violent storm in Georgia on March 22 blew down a village school-house, killing thirteen children.

Bill through Committee and the Report stage without amendment, and he has intimated that the Bill for the benefit of necessitous Board schools may be introduced before Easter. If this arrangement should be carried out the position of the Government will be a good deal strengthened. The Military Works Bill was rejected without amendment. A private Bill for incorporating part of Southwark with the City of London was defeated by a majority of eighteen.

MUSIC.

The Lamoureux Concerts, the first of which took place at the Queen's Hall on the evening of Monday, March 22, have been naturally the musical sensation of the week. On this occasion M. Lamoureux's Symphony was the Mozart commonly known as the "Jupiter Symphony." He played it most admirably. The perfect technique, the absolute purity of sound, the alert attention which this extraordinary piece of musical sculpture requires, were shown with triumphant success by M. Lamoureux and his noble orchestra. On the Tuesday evening he gave Beethoven's Fifth Symphony with no less commanding an effect; there were certain phrases, particularly of the Andante movement, which you would say could not have been surpassed, for they attained absolute perfection.

The St. Patrick's Day Concert at the Albert Hall was rather a national function than an artistic event. On Thursday, March 18, the Queen's Hall Choral Society gave a very fine performance of Berlioz's "Faust," the part of Mephistopheles being particularly well sung by Mr. Watkin Mills, whose dramatic feeling and splendid vocalisation were very notable.

PERSONAL.

Lord Salisbury is one of the latest victims of influenza. Fortunately, he has it in a mild form, and is able to transact the business of the Foreign Secretary in his own room. It was noticed in the House of Lords that when he was sharply attacking Lord Kimberley for that nobleman's speech at Norwich, the Prime Minister was suffering from fever. It is not agreeable when you have influenza upon you to be compelled to address a very scanty assemblage of peers on the misdemeanour of the party opposite. This is one of the penalties of Lord Salisbury's position. We hope he will be well rid of the influenza before he retreats to his villa at Beaulieu.

The Berlin festivities in honour of the memory of the Emperor William I. are rather fatiguing to the foreign observer; but they show the Emperor William II. in his natural element. He is never so happy as when making speeches about his dynasty. It is remarked, however, even by Germans that no credit for the great achievements of the German Empire is given to the men who did most in the making of it. Prince Bismarck and Von Moltke have not even been mentioned.

The world of science has lost one of the greatest of its living representatives and one of the most notable workers

that it has ever had in the sphere of pure mathematics by the death of Mr. James Joseph Sylvester, F. R. S., D.C.L., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford, who has been coupled with Professor Cayley under their joint title "the great twin-brethren of modern



Photo Grillet, Naples.
THE LATE PROFESSOR J. J. SYLVESTER.

algebra." Born eighty-three years ago, Professor Sylvester became Second Wrangler at Cambridge in the year of the Queen's accession to the throne, but in those days he was debarred from taking his degree by the fact that he was a Jew. He was called to the Bar, but abandoned practice to become Professor of Natural Philosophy at University College, London, and subsequently went out to Virginia to fill the mathematical chair of its University. Twenty years ago, after a period of work at the Woolwich Military Academy, he returned to America to become Professor of Mathematics in the newly founded Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, but on the death of Henry Smith in 1883, he was made Savilian Professor at Oxford. He retired from office four years ago.

There are to be no new postage-stamps in celebration of the Diamond Jubilee. This seems a wise decision. A new

stamp is invariably offensive to most people. The design is always denounced, and the author of it is suspected of a desire to hold her Majesty's head up to odium. It is impossible to blame the Government for declining to run the risk of a wild outburst of popular indignation.

The name of Rear-Admiral Harris has lately been much to the fore as that of the chief naval representative



Photo West, Gosport.
REAR-ADMIRAL ROBERT H. HARRIS.

of the British Government in the Combined Fleet now engaged in carrying out the policy of the European Concert in Cretan waters. Rear-Admiral Harris, whose flag-ship, the *Revenge*, was ordered to Crete as soon as the Græco-Cretan question assumed its present critical complexion, received the appointment which he now holds in the Mediterranean Fleet last May. Before that date he held the rank of Commander, and was in charge of the Training Squadron for some eighteen months from the summer of 1893. He was Aide-de-Camp to the Queen for three years, ending in January 1895, and is the author of two important contributions to nautical literature, entitled respectively, "A Revision of Alston's Seamanship" and "Maritime Power, and its Probable Application in War."

There is a fine elasticity in the law-makers of Nevada. They suspended the prohibition of prize-fighting in order that Nevada might have the glory of the Homeric combat between Fitzsimmons and Corbett. This ought to excite the envy of our own sportsmen who want Parliament to legalise betting on racecourses, so as to save the poor "bookies" from the effect of a recent decision of the Courts.

The bequest of the Wallace Collection to the British nation has given great offence in Paris. Some Parisian journalists, remembering that Sir Richard Wallace spent most of his life in the French capital, look upon his treasures as their property. It is another illustration of the perfidy of Britain that she has contrived to appropriate possessions which Citizen Wallace ought to have bequeathed to the Republic.

There seems to be some exaggeration in the stories of evictions in the Borough along the line which will be taken by the royal procession on the Diamond Jubilee day. It was said that weekly tenants were receiving wholesale notices to quit in order that their landlords might reap a rich harvest by letting windows to sightseers. At present only two or three cases of eviction have been authenticated. The letting of windows in the West End has already

assumed the proportions of a roaring trade, with prodigious advertisement in the newspapers.

M. Georges Ohnet has been the victim of a practical joke. He was lately concerned as a witness in some litigation in Paris. One of the humorists of that city drew an imaginary picture of the arrest of M. Ohnet, who, when he asked the reason for this arbitrary proceeding, was told that his French was a danger to the State. Summoned before the Juge d'Instruction, he found that official looking very fierce behind a pile of novels, all of M. Ohnet's composition. This tale bore its own character pretty plainly on the face of it; yet it was gravely translated and published by a London morning paper as an authentic record of the prosecution of M. Ohnet.

The appointment of Colonel John Hay to be United States Ambassador to Great Britain is now confirmed by official notification. Mr. Horace Porter has been chosen by President McKinley to fill the same office in France, and Mr. Henry White is to be the new Secretary of Legation in London.

Sir Hubert E. H. Jerningham, K.C.M.G., the new Governor of Trinidad, who is at present in London on a brief furlough before entering on his new duties, was formerly Governor of Mauritius, and was knighted by the Queen for distinguished service during the recent earthquake there. His promotion to Trinidad is very popular, the inhabitants being mostly French, and having much in common with the new Governor, who is a Roman Catholic, and French in his training and sympathies. Sir Hubert was member of Parliament for Berwick in 1881-85, and for some time lived in the Berwick district, where he built his North-country residence, Longridge Towers. He is a member of a distinguished family who have had long and honourable connection with the foreign and colonial services, and is related by blood to many of the best known houses of our aristocracy. He is an author, having published several historical works and translations from the French.

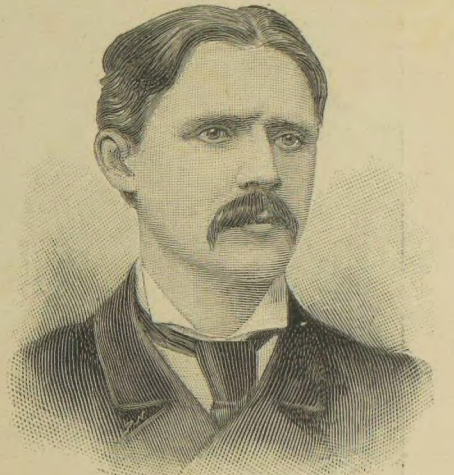
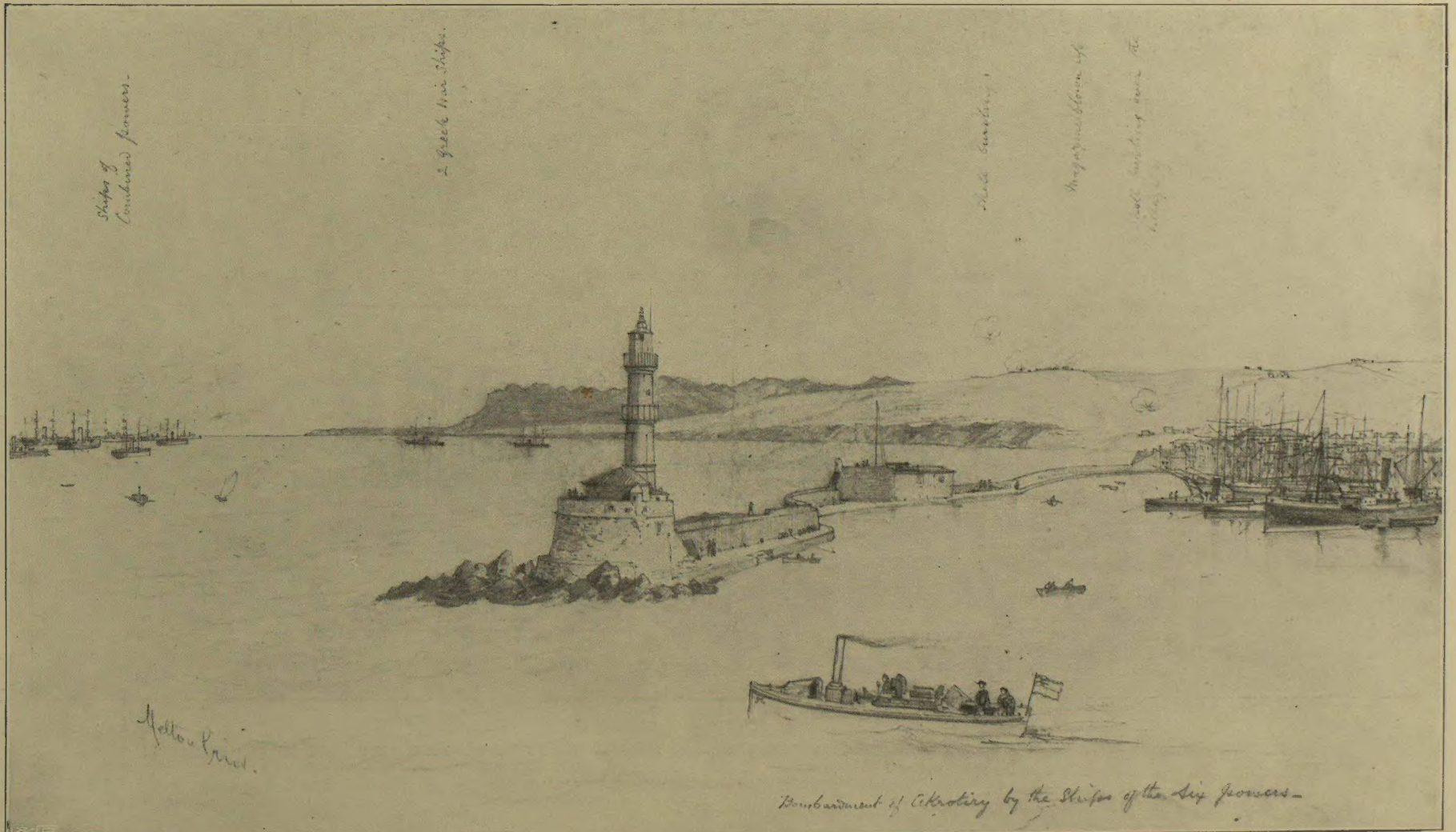


Photo Green, Berwick-on-Tweed.
SIR HUBERT JERNINGHAM, K.C.M.G.
New Governor of Trinidad.

It may not be generally known that the ubiquitous typewriter can nowadays boast royal patronage. In addition to warrants already held from the Queen and the Prince of Wales, the manufacturers of the Remington have recently received a warrant of appointment to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.



THE EASTERN CRISIS: BOMBARDMENT OF THE INSURGENT CAMP AT AKROTIRI BY THE COMBINED FLEET OF THE POWERS.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



THE EASTERN CRISIS.—ENGLISH AND FRENCH SAILORS GUARDING THE ROAD FROM CANEA TO SUDA: TURKISH PATROL IN THE DISTANCE.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

A FOUNTAIN SEALED

BY

SIR WALTER BESANT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. BURGESS.

CHAPTER XXII.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

By half-past seven I was out of Molly's hands, dressed and ready for my wedding. Then I sat down to wait. The clock ticked slowly, slowly: the hands seemed unable to move. My cousin sat down beside me—I remember all she

said—I remember all that was said and done by everybody till the end. My cousin talked. Her voice was like the voice of a person afar off: yet I heard it, and I remember all she said. It was the shadow of coming calamity that weighed down my heart. Molly brought some chocolate. My cousin took a dish, talking the while.

"My dear," she said, "what shall I do without thee? How shall I live? What shall I do in the long winter evenings for a companion? The house will be empty. The Corporal, now that he is a Lieutenant, will go abroad. The Lieutenant's lady—poor Mrs. Bates!—will give up her garret. Molly will go to cook for thee: the old Doctor, the long lean Don Quixote, the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance—he, too, has gone: to his own place—villain! Pity the wretch was not pinked, as the men say, last night. The only person left at night will be the Captain with six bottles inside his belt. What shall I do?"

"I will go and stay with you, my dear, whenever thy husband is away at his country seat. Sometimes when he is at home he will ask me. I think he must love me. I am sure he does. But for me, he would never have met his Nancy. I was the instrument of Providence: the poets would call me Love's Messenger—Venus's handmaid. He has always spoken kindly of what he calls my kindness to thee, my dear, as if anyone with a heart could help being kind to the sweetest and fondest of her sex.

"Some day, my dear, in spite of what has been said, thou wilt be a great Lady. Oh! it will be impossible for him to avoid that end. He will grow only more affectionate as the time goes on: such a man as this is always constant: thine image will be carved so deeply on his heart that he will never be able to tear it out. I know that look. I know that slow, deliberate mind, which gradually grasps a thing and never lets it go. Then nothing will do but he must publicly place thee beside him in the full light of day. Well, there is no position which thou wilt not grace. And to think that Robert Storey dared to aspire to thine hand! Well! Fools rush in where angels fear to tread, as the poets say.

"Strange, that he has never told us his name and family. He reserves it to be a surprise at the wedding. Captain Sellinger knows, and he will not believe that we do not know. Corporal Bates—now Lieutenant—knows, and pretends that we know as well. The old French spy and traitor knew. All the world knows, it seems, except the person most concerned. Patience, my dear. It is now a quarter to eight. In half an hour thou shalt know.

"That was a pretty piece of business downstairs last night. To carry off two young men of rank and fortune: to design them for a French prison: I suppose to have them held to ransom. It is like an old story of Moorish pirates. I am sorry they let the wretch go in peace. My dear, our friends might have been killed. Now we understand what was meant by his talk about loyalty. Fine loyalty, truly! Wretch!"

At eight o'clock the rumbling of wheels told us that our bridegroom had arrived. He jumped out and ran up the stairs with the eagerness of a bridegroom, threw himself into my arms, regardless of my head, which he nearly ruined, and regardless of Isabel's presence. "My dear!" he cried. "My dear!" and kissed me again and again. All the weight and fear left my heart at sight and touch of my bridegroom. I was perfectly happy again.

Then he perceived Isabel. "Madam," he said, bowing low. In the presence of his bride a man may well have eyes for none other—even for my cousin Isabella. "Pray forgive me."

"Dear Sir, there is nothing to forgive, and most heartily do I wish you joy."

He kissed her hand and laughed. "Joy!" he cried. "I am the most joyful man in the whole world. I would exchange places with no one."

"Not even with the King?" said Isabel.

He changed colour in a moment. Something touched him. "Indeed," he said, "I do not wish to take the place of the King." Then he recovered. "Where is Edward?" he asked, looking round him.

"He has not yet come."

"Not come! Edward is generally most punctual. Well, it is but just eight. We can afford to wait a little. I shall give him ten minutes more. If he does not arrive by that time, he shall be punished by not being present at his brother's wedding. That would indeed be a punishment for my loyal and affectionate brother."

"Where is the church?"

"I don't know. Edward knows. Oh, he will come! He will come!"

But his face showed a little anxiety.

"May we offer a dish of chocolate against the morning air?" my cousin asked.

"Dear Madam, who can think of food—even of your chocolate, which is the best I ever tasted—on such a day as this? I wonder what makes Edward so late."

But the chocolate was brought up, and he took some with a little bread-and-butter cut thin and rolled as Molly knew how to make it.

"Edward," he went on, "is the best of brothers. Some men are jealous of their elder brother: not so Edward. I have heard cases where the younger wished the death of the elder. Not so Edward. There is nothing he would not do for me. He has arranged this business for us, Nancy, all by himself. I believe he loves thee as much as I do—yet without envy. The other day he began to remonstrate, all in thy interests, dear girl. There must be some kind of end, he said. Thy name would suffer if we continued night after night to enjoy the heaven of thy society. He wanted me, for thy happiness, dear Nancy, to give up coming here: he tried to persuade me that I could never hope to marry thee—could not hope—those were his very words. In remonstrating Edward is the very devil: these sailors know not round-about methods: they steer straight as a line. Could not hope—he said: his very words. I wonder why Edward is so late." He looked out of the window and

he tried to persuade me that I could never hope to marry thee—could not hope—those were his very words. In remonstrating Edward is the very devil: these sailors know not round-about methods: they steer straight as a line. Could not hope—he said: his very words. I wonder why Edward is so late." He looked out of the window and



All the weight and fear left my heart at sight and touch of my bridegroom.

then resumed his discourse, talking rapidly as one who is naturally agitated by the occasion. There were other reasons for agitation of mind which we knew not. In a word, he was about to take a step the consequences of which no one could foresee. He would not sit down, therefore he kept walking up and down the room, looking continually out of the window for his brother. He continued, as I said, talking. "Well, Edward declared that there were insuperable obstacles. What were they? I asked him. They were this: they were that. I must marry into my own class and rank. Everybody would demand it. There would be jealousies: the English nobles love not a *mésalliance*. He instanced cases where jealousies amounting to civil wars have followed such *mésalliances*. I speak freely and frankly, because we have agreed, dear girl, on what we shall do. There will be no jealousies aroused, because you will live retired and unknown. The world will not know that I am married. Dear Nancy, think not that I am ashamed of thee. Far from it. Thou wilt always be my chiefest pride. The world will presently discover that I am not inclined to marry—in my own rank. Then Edward will become of greater importance. That will not harm thee, my dear, nor myself. So when he talked to me of obstacles, I brushed them all aside. 'Obstacle or no obstacle,' I said, 'I will marry my Nancy to-morrow morning. I must and I will.' 'Well, George,' he said, 'if you will you must: if you must you will. As for what will happen when it is discovered I know not. They cannot order you off for execution on Tower Hill. Yet there will be mighty indignation in certain quarters.' He said a great deal more, but I made an end. 'Come what may,' I swore, 'I will marry my Nancy.'

"And now," said my cousin, "we shall learn your true name."

"I am afraid you must. Is it true that you do not know it? Yes—yes—it is true. The sweet and simple friendliness would have been impossible else. It was because you did not, either of you, know my name that you were able to continue so friendly."

He laughed gently. "To me," he said, "one of the chief charms of our friendship has been the fact that you accepted our incognito with no apparent desire to penetrate to the truth."

"Indeed, no!" my cousin replied. "It was enough for us that we were receiving two gentlemen who were perhaps of rank, but certainly of good breeding and honour. Our Quaker experience teaches us to set no value on rank alone."

"At first we doubted whether you really were ignorant of our names. The people who live about St. James's Street for the most part know us. You were from the country, it is true, or from a part of London which does not know the faces which are here familiar. The liveries, the arms, I thought would proclaim aloud—"

"The Quakers do not know liveries and have no knowledge of arms."

"So I learned. Well, dear ladies, what happened? I found myself, for the first time, among people who were not in the least afraid of contradicting me. If you only knew the happiness of being contradicted. You paid me no respect on account of rank—'twas like stepping out of a prison into the open air: you sought no favour from me—neither place nor pension nor office—for yourselves or your friends—how charming to meet such people!"

"Why, Sir," said Isabel, "what could we ask?"

"And you—you offered no favours," he added, with a blush. "In a word, dear ladies, I learned to love you because you did not know me. Oh, the happiness of equality! You never flattered me: when I spoke in ignorance you corrected me: you told me things that I had never learned before: you talked to me about the people—the working people—you told me what the Quakers mean, but the Church above all! Dear Nancy, you have learned to love me wholly for myself as a private gentleman, happy in the duties and in the blessings of the position." He had been walking about during this long speech—agitated in his mind, but full of sweetness and full of dignity. Then he took my hand and kissed it again. "Well," he added, "if you really wish to know—if you cannot wait until we leave the church, I will tell you now."

"George," I murmured when he took my hand. "No—no—no. Let me be all yours before you tell me. Then, if you must, tell me when you please. But oh! believe me. I do not wish to know. I would that I could never know except that I am loved by a gallant and noble gentleman, and that his love is the greatest honour and the greatest happiness of my life."

"Have it your own way, dear—all shall be your own way. Ah!" he looked out of the window again. "Here comes Edward running."

I sprang to my feet and looked out, beside him. Why—Edward's face was pale and anxious. He ran across the court as fast as he could run. He ran up the stairs—again I felt the dreadful presentiment of misfortune. He threw open the door. His face was white: his eyes were wild—

"George!" he cried, gasping in a harsh and broken voice.

"Well, brother, you are late. But there is plenty of time. Now, Nancy dear, we will go downstairs."

"Come with me, George, come, I say," Edward cried.

"With you? No—you are coming with me. This is my wedding-day. Are you in your senses, brother?"

"Come with me, George. Oh! come without asking why!"

"Leave my bride? Edward, are you mad?"

"I wish I was. Come, George—Nancy, my poor child, send him away—Mrs. Storey, take her away. For God's sake, take her into her own room—take off that dress!"

George stepped forward. "What is it? What has happened?"

"Everybody is looking for you. Come, you must come. Oh, Nancy! Nancy! Poor girl! Come, George!"

"What is it, man?"

Edward threw out his arms. "Then if you must be told before her—THE KING IS DEAD!"

Then he knelt on one knee, placed his brother's hand on his left arm and kissed it, saying solemnly and slowly—"GOD SAVE THE KING!"

No one spoke for a moment—a long moment. I know not how long. George stood silent, hushed, awed, his brother kneeling before him.

Then the whole truth burst upon me. I reeled and fell and was caught by my cousin. But I was not fainting. No—I was not in a swoon. I saw and was conscious of everything.

My lover, my bridegroom who was never to be my husband, stood with his face turned upwards—alas! away from his bride. And his face was changed. There was in it a new authority—a new majesty—that of the Sovereign: a new expression, that of kingship.

Love had gone out of that face. It was filled with a new emotion. The young King saw, suddenly, before him, the vastness of his responsibilities: the burden of empire: the great duties. What was the simple girl beside him, in presence of these things? War and peace: prosperity and adversity: the happiness of millions or their misery: the sovereignty of a great, proud, and free people: their love and loyalty: or their hate. How could love survive that sudden shock? In a moment the passion died out in his heart, though the memory of it might afterwards return. He was the King. Needs must that he marry in his own class.

How could love remain when the new kingship filled the soul? Love was gone. I knew—alas! I knew—alas!—I saw—Love had gone for ever: our simple, artless Love could not live beneath the shadow of the Crown.

"Dei Gratia," he murmured. "By the Grace of God!"

Then he turned to me and his brother rose.

"Nancy," he said solemnly, "Fate calls me. I am now the King—unworthy. Pray for me. My brother will see thee. What has passed I pray thee to forget. Thou art all goodness, Nancy. Farewell. Be happy." He stooped and kissed my head—and I fell back.

When I recovered they were gone, and my cousin was weeping beside me.

Sometimes I think it would have been better for me if I had died that day. But yet . . . no—I have still these tender memories which I have tried to set down. I can think of my gallant Prince. I can remember how he loved me. Surely no woman was ever loved so well. This short chapter makes all my life. And I was the first—yes—the first. I was the first. When I meet him in the world to come, I shall go up to him fearlessly. I shall say: "George, you loved me first. I was the first: you loved me before the Other came across the sea. A man's first love is his best. You loved me first, and since I have never ceased to love you, I think that my image must be in your heart still."

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

I say that I saw my death warrant in his face. When the sudden shock had passed away—when he understood, indeed, that he was King—then the light of love, I say, went out of his eyes. He kissed my forehead, indeed, but it was no longer the kiss of a bridegroom. I knew that it was all over. I knew that I had looked upon his face for the last time.

As for the days that followed, let me forget them; or if that may not be granted, let me pass over them.

Edward, whom I cannot call Prince, came often to sit with me and comfort me. Sometimes he wept with me—it was the kindest heart in the world. "Consider," he said, over and over again, "that a King cannot marry whom he pleases, or where he pleases: he must marry among the sovereign houses of Europe: he must make an alliance that will advance the country either for safety or for policy, or for the good of trade. His sons who will succeed him must be of kingly rank on both sides: his daughters must marry Princes for the good of their own country. Why, if the King were to marry one of his own nobility, there would be such jealousies that his throne would be in danger or succession disputed. Nothing is more certain than that the King must belong to a Royal House and be married into a Royal House."

I do not know that these words comforted me: but they brought the Hand of Fate into the business. It grew to appear inevitable.

"I consented," he said, "to a secret marriage because George was headstrong and determined. But it was with a heavy heart, believe me. Now, consider what would

have been your lot. A secret marriage: a wife put away in a cupboard: not allowed at Court. Then the House of Parliament would petition the King to marry—if they knew the truth they would urge him to divorce you. The Archbishop would show that the case was excusable and laudable. If he resisted these importunities, I believe he would have to abdicate. As for your children, what would be their lot? Born in wedlock, yet not the heirs; born in the highest rank, yet possessing no rank at all."

Still I was not consoled.

"As for me," he said, "I declare that I have had no happy moment since the time when I perceived that George was in love with you, Nancy—and you with him. For George is in everything serious and sincere. It was in no light mood that he fell in love with you, but seriously and sincerely. If George loved you yesterday he loves you to-day. Yet I do not think that he will speak much about it to me, not even to me. His sorrows he will lock up in his own heart. His memory he will keep under lock and key."

A great deal more he said, but to little purpose. Time alone could heal that gaping wound, which would leave a horrid scar for the rest of my days.

I heard nothing from the object, or the Cause, of these troubles. At first I thought he would send me a letter: but the days went on: no letter came. Then I thought he would send me a message or a token: but the days went on: there was no token nor any message. No letter, token, or message has ever come to me. And now I am glad to think that he chose to sever the bond as he did, at one stroke.

Edward spoke about it. "At that fatal moment," he told me, "George said 'Farewell.' He meant you, and me, and your cousin to understand, then, that it was 'Farewell.' He has since talked to me, but only once, and with few words. He said, 'What must be done had best be done as quickly as possible. I have said 'Farewell.'"

Wonderful it was how the thought that one might be cast away but not forgotten comforted me. Since I was led to suspect that he was suffering on my account it seemed a duty plainly laid upon me to strive after such resignation as I might attain to.

I told Edward this, and began to put on some measure of cheerfulness. When one is young, it is not difficult, even in the worst kind of bereavement, when the object of one's affection is not dead, but carried away out of reach and beyond the power of speech.

He was patient with me: he saw that I took some small pleasure in his coming. He came, therefore, every day. But everything, as you know, was changed. The whole house was changed. To begin with, Captain Sellinger's elder brother had died unexpectedly, the day after King George the Second; and left him the title of Viscount De Lys and an estate, so that he resigned his commission in the Guards and went to live upon his country estates. Corporal Bates had become Lieutenant Bates of the Royal Marines, and was off to sea. He called to say farewell, looking very gallant in his new uniform and the gold lace instead of the woollen epaulettes.

"Ladies," he said, "I have come to ask your good wishes. I am now on the lowest step of the ladder. A soldier has no chance until he has the King's commission. I start for Portsmouth to-night—I join my corps on arrival. If I am lucky in action I may be gazetted to my company in a few weeks. Then, ladies, to victory or death! It may be the gallant death of a simple Lieutenant: it may be the funeral of a hero in Westminster Abbey. Fortune of war! Fortune of war!"

We asked him what would become of his wife and children. They were to stay on in the house, but had come down from the garrets to the second floor. So he went off, to meet his death, poor man. Yet one would not pity him, because I am sure that his last breath must have been one of satisfaction that he had been permitted to fall on the field. The Doctor was gone: no one ever set eyes upon that man again: he and his treacheries and villainies are now, I suppose, all dead and forgotten.

One day about the end of November Prince Edward spoke to me seriously about my future. What did I wish to do? Where would I live? I had been reflecting on the subject for some time, and my mind was made up, as you shall see.

I had learned already, thanks to Edward's lawyers, that by my father's death without a will I was entitled to half the fortune which he left behind him. My brother had in his keeping the whole, as you have seen.

"I have been wishing," I said, "to converse with you upon this subject. My cousin would have me live on with her. But I am a kind of wife—a woman that was to have been a wife—and I must live as an independent woman."

"Quite so."

"I do not wish to live in London. I desire to find a cottage in the country, where with a garden and a few books, and Molly to wait upon me, I can meditate."

"Nancy, you are but young. This is but a passing storm."

"Nay, it is what you sailors call a *hurricane*. My ship is wrecked well nigh to sinking."

"Say that you find the cottage, how long before you will pine after London again?"

"Edward, do you know me so little?"

"Well . . . first, there is this inheritance of yours."

Let me at least instruct some of my people to get that out of your brother's hand."

"Yes, if you will be so kind. At first I was set against interfering with my brother at all. Let him keep everything, I thought. It is all he cares about. But afterwards I reflected that it would be best to have the means of retrieving a little distress in the world. There is so much poverty and unhappiness. I also am myself so unhappy that I can feel for all. It is the consolation which the Lord gives to the unhappy." Here Edward turned away his head. "So, if you will be so kind, get for me what is mine. It may be little, or it may be much. And now let me open all my mind."

He took my hand, but said nothing.

"Remember, Edward, I was promised to him—to your brother. I am his, as much as any nun is vowed to Christ. But one short half-hour more, and you would have been my brother."

"Nancy," he said, "I am your brother. I am always your brother. Tell me all—all—that weighs down your poor soul."

"Let me feel, then, that I am in reality your sister. Send me not adrift in the world. Let me feel that I owe something of my life to you, besides the memories. That cottage in the country of which we spoke—give it to me, Edward, yourself, for the sake of your brother. Let it be your gift—your wedding gift—for the wedding which will never be celebrated. Oh! my brother—let me live in a house that I may call my brother's gift. And come to see me sometimes. It will be a consolation to me only to call you brother."

I have done. The house in which I live was given to me by Prince Edward, Duke of York. It hath been rumoured abroad, I believe, that it was given to me by the King himself. The house, with all the furniture, was bought for me, and given to me, I say, by Prince Edward, in remembrance of that happy time when the royal brothers came night after night to talk with two simple gentlewomen. This is all that he gave, or that I could accept. My ample fortune is not his gift, but my inheritance.

My story is told. Many a Prince has loved a maiden beneath his rank. Love cares not for rank and station. Yet never before, I think, was a poor woman so suddenly dashed to the ground as I myself. I hear people speaking of his happiness, his domestic happiness, with the Royal Lady his consort. Oh! think not that I grudge his happiness: he cannot be too happy for me: my prayers go up for him both day and night: but still I feel—yes—I cannot choose but feel—I was the first—I was the first. Before the Other came across the sea, I was the first.

THE END.

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ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I do not know either Mr. Hawke or any member of the Anti-Gambling League which he represents. They may be highly educated men, liberal patrons of art and literature, charitable to a degree, irresistible in their intercourse with their fellow-beings of both sexes—and especially with the softer sex—animals and children may instinctively go to them. To me, however, they stand self-confessed as absolutely ignorant of the world, not only by their recent action against betting on racecourses, but by the title they have seen fit to adopt for their association.

I am not speaking without authority. In the course of a long experience I have seen many attempts to wean the gambler from his gambling. They were not collective, and what, therefore, I should call impersonal attempts, but individual ones by friends and relatives of the gamblers, the majority of whom were, in everyday life, the most tractable creatures on the face of the earth. But in this one respect the advisers' influence was absolutely nil. In vain did they predict the gamblers' final ruin; the

The moment he got into the street he leapt into a cab, closed the door upon himself, and opened the window; then he shouted to the kind official: "I don't care a snap for all your moralising. You want to prevent my gambling. Well, I have just lost about nine thousand francs, but I have got another ten thousand upon me, and I am going to lose them somewhere else. I shall not tell you where, and I defy you to find out." Saying which, he disappeared. "I did not lose the other ten thousand francs," added Verneuil, when he told me the tale; "and when you come to Paris, I will show you the letter I wrote to the Commissary the next day."

Subsequently I took a copy of said letter, and I give it verbatim: "Monsieur le Commissaire, I am much obliged for your intervention. It brought me luck. I not only did not lose my ten thousand francs, but won the other nine back again and something besides. Herewith a token of the appreciation of your kind conduct. I would ask you, if it be not inconsistent with your duty, to interfere often in that way, and if we could come to an arrangement to that effect, I would let you know by telephone where I am playing. But whether or no, believe me, yours very sincerely, PAUL DE VERNEUIL." The token of appreciation consisted of a very handsome cigarette-case and matchbox.

Three nights after the above-reported conversation I found Verneuil playing at écarté with a quiet, respectable looking Brazilian or Mexican, whom I had not seen at the club before, but who was evidently known to my English friend who had introduced me to Verneuil. I do not profess to be more gullible or observant than other people, but the merest novice at cards could see that Verneuil's opponent was cheating as hard as he could. My friend saw it too, and as the game was for ten louis the five points, he thought it best to warn Verneuil. So he quietly told him that he wished to speak to him at once on a matter of importance, and took him aside. I followed. "Is that all?" said Verneuil in a loud voice, after having listened with impatience to my friend. "Is that all?" he repeated, still louder, in spite of his interlocutor's "Hush, hush!" "I am perfectly aware that Monsieur cheats. But we have agreed that each time I catch him at it I mark a point. Isn't that it, Monsieur?" added Verneuil, turning to his adversary. The latter simply bowed affirmatively, and the game was resumed as if nothing had happened.



Then he knelt on one knee, placed George's hand on his left arm, and kissed it, saying solemnly and slowly, "God Save the King!"

latter did not, perhaps, answer with Pitt (or was it Fox?) that the next pleasure to winning was losing, but they probably thought it. And when the chances of either winning or losing were at an end in virtue of that predicted ruin, they did not desert their haunts, but came to watch the fluctuating chances of others; for never was there a truer synopsis in a few lines of the gambler's disease than that given by Madame de Staël: "The most bitter trial to a gambler is not the fact of having lost, but the impossibility of continuing to play." It is told of Sir William Colepepper that, after he had ruined himself at the gaming table, his whole delight was to sit there and watch others being ruined.

We may take it that the apartment in which Sir William did the watching was sumptuously furnished; but it would have been just the same if it had been the meanest den, for "gamblers will gamble in a cellar," said the late François Blanc, of Monte Carlo fame. Some years ago I met at Nice a young Frenchman, whose name I must not mention, inasmuch as he is alive and well, but whom I will call Paul de Verneuil. Three or four months before our meeting he was caught in one of the most infamous gambling hells in Paris. The Commissary of Police, who knew him well, did not think fit to arrest him, and merely asked him to accompany him. In going downstairs, he spoke very seriously to him. He might have wasted his breath on a deaf man, for Paul was furious at his game having been interrupted; he had lost between eight and nine thousand francs.

"Verneuil is an exception," says the reader. Not at all. The gambler will not only gamble in a cellar, but with any and every one, rather than not gamble at all. I know a very wealthy individual who sits down to gamble by himself. Of course he cannot play cards under such conditions, but he dices. He uses his right hand for himself, his left for an imaginary opponent. He keeps a most minute account of his winnings and losses, and if at the end of the month there is a surplus in favour of the sinister against the dexter palm, he religiously sends the amount of that surplus to the poor-box of the police office nearest to his chambers. Bruyès, one of the cleverest theological polemicists, and at the same time one of the most brilliant playwrights of the eighteenth century, said: "People begin to play for amusement; they continue through greed, and become inveterate gamblers from passion." It is with all these three varieties of the gambler Mr. Hawke and his supporters have to deal. The upshot is not problematical.

The issue of *Pick-Me-Up* for March 27 fully bears out the claim of its new proprietors that it is "smart but not vulgar." There is not a line, not a picture, to which exception can be taken. *Pick-Me-Up* is a very prettily illustrated and pleasing example of comic journalism, with pictures by Mr. Raven Hill, Mr. Phil May, and other well-known humorous artists, and much good writing has been added to the literary contents of the paper. As at present constituted, the new *Pick-Me-Up* is a wonderful pennyworth.



THE BATTLE OF BENIN: "RALLY ROUND THE ADMIRAL!"

Ensemble of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Sappington Wright.



THE INTER-VARSITY BOAT-RACE: THE CREWS AT PRACTICE.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

OXFORD.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

CAMBRIDGE.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

As it is pouring with rain, I think I had better discuss waterproofs, which to-day are made things of beauty, and in a sort of covert-coating material of ulster shape will induce the ardent sportswoman to brave the elements on the racecourse. They by no means resemble the waterproofs of olden days, being admirably fitting, light in tone,



AN UP-TO-DATE COSTUME.

with pearl buttons, and made to clear the ground by two inches, while cut according to the newest principles with a seam round the hips at the back, thence falling in cape fashion, they are quite elegant. Like most garments, they require the hand of the expert, though. Yet there are many waterproofs in the market of less elaborate detail. You may obtain box-cloths rendered impervious to wet, or something which looks like box-cloth; while it is possible to have a dark-blue cashmere material waterproofed, and this, made in ulster shape, double-breasted, with smoke-pearl buttons and blouse sleeves, is at once serviceable and trim. And then, for those who drive, the most convenient garments are the waterproof capes made in light cloth, which look best when cut with cape sleeves and a semi-fitting double-breasted coat united to these. The sac back is a form which this, too, may take with success. Of course, the needs of the cyclist are considered by the loose formless cape with slits in the front, through which the arms may be brought to grasp the handles, but these are little used. I fancy the earnest cyclist who would be out in the wet on purpose would rather brave the rain than be hampered with a garment above her cloth jacket, while the diletante rider would wheel her bicycle to the nearest refreshment room and send the amiable ostler for a fly to convey them both home; and we will imagine that when she arrives there she flings all her moistened garments into the lap of her maid, and permits herself to be attired in a tea-gown like that one sketched. She really could not do better. It is made of a Liberty silk brocade in tones of pale-blue and pale yellow; the front is of the palest yellow English satin, the rucked sleeves are formed of the same, while a belt of gold and turquoise encircles the waist, and a Bruges lace zouave and epaulettes hold the folds of the gown becomingly over the shoulders. It is a very simple model, but it is very comfortable to wear and easy to adjust, these being virtues which should be possessed by all good tea-gowns.

The distinctive feature of skirt-trimming this year is its lowness at the front in comparison with the back. You can see what I mean by the costume illustrated on this page, where the skirt is decked with rows of gored flounces with raw edges. This made in face cloth of a good quality and well cut will set to perfection, and be a most becoming variety to the plain skirt. The bodice which completes it is made of velvet with revers of white silk and a chiffon front. The back of the basque is cut into tabs, and a jewelled belt encircles the waist. Jewelled belts continue to be exceedingly popular, and many are the fanciful varieties of jewelled buckles and buttons to be met in Paris; indeed, the button industry flourishes exceedingly, oxydised silver being usually the groundwork of the buttons, while the jewels are green, or blue, or red, and of an opaque description.

A most delightful little covert coat which I saw at Jay's the other day fastened over at one side with large buttons made of plaited oxydised silver, and at the same establishment I met some buttons made of oxydised silver

set with green and red stones, these decorating a lovely dress of dark blue with a belt of grey suede. Fashion is such a pretty thing at Jay's just now altogether, where there is a charming black cloth dress made with a skirt of gored flounces with a bodice of red and blue and green plaid crossed with a line of white, hemmed with black satin ribbon, and turning back with revers to show a front of white muslin kilted; round the waist and the neck of this is a band of bright violet watered silk, buckled with gold. This is a costume which would not be too attractive for any occasion, and might yet be relied upon to appear with elegance in a bevy of the smartest dresses. In its company I met an ideal theatre-cloak of ivory tinted face cloth, long at the back, quite short over the elbows in the front; this hung in the most graceful pleats, and over the shoulders had insertions of thick cream-coloured lace traced with cord embroidery on a deeper tone of cream colour; the hem permitted a little peep of rufflings of fine lace, whilst at the neck in the front fell a cravat to the waist of the most beautiful real lace, in a pale yellow tone. It was a harmony in cream colour this, which any trousseau buyer of unlimited means should certainly hasten to make her own.

But I must not absorb all my space before I have replied to my correspondent who styles herself, somewhat unjustly I think, "A Fidget." I most cordially recommend to her, for cleaning, P. and P. Campbell, of Perth. A light drab coat with a tight bodice and wing sleeves elaborately stitched I advise for a smart jacket that would do good duty. The same model is to be procured in pavement grey at Dickins and Jones', Hanover House, Regent Street. They will know what is required if, in writing, "A Fidget" encloses them this description. I should suggest supplying the blue poplin skirt with a bodice of very small checked silk in blue and green, with a waistcoat of white lisse draped with yellow lace. A blue straw bonnet trimmed with masses of cornflowers would be most useful. That material is rather thin for a shirt without lining. A soft mull muslin might be introduced with advantage.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

An interesting address from influential ladies to the Queen is in course of signature. It is a congratulation from the women of the Empire to their Sovereign, both on the attainment of the sixtieth year of her reign and on the advance in the position of her own sex in that reign—an advance which her Majesty has not only witnessed, but has powerfully helped by the influence of her own combination of statesmanlike ability and domestic and personal excellence.

The address concludes thus: "We present our earnest appeal to your Majesty on this unparalleled occasion, still further to encourage the good work of extending to your women subjects the legal protection, the educational opportunities, and the equality of civil rights for which they have so long and ardently striven. One royal word of sympathy with the progress which women have achieved during your Majesty's illustrious reign, one expression of gracious confidence and hope in the happy results which may be expected to follow from still further enlarging the area brought under the influence of women, would greatly promote and consolidate throughout your Majesty's realms those principles of justice and equity which will sustain in permanence the vast Empire over which your Majesty reigns."

How the Queen will receive this request cannot be foretold, of course, but her Majesty has more than once shown an interest in the advance referred to in the address. It will be remembered that she in person opened Holloway College, which was designed to prepare women for the degrees of the great Universities; and when, in the Jubilee year, 1887, Miss Ramsay was declared the senior classic at Cambridge, her Majesty sent her a personal letter of congratulation and did the brilliant student the honour of asking for her photograph for the royal album. Again, the institution of fully qualified medical women for India was the direct outcome of a charge laid on Lady Dufferin by the Queen. It is also significant that when the Custody of Infants Bill passed into law in 1886 her Majesty directed that it should be specially mentioned in the Address closing the Session, with the addition that she "had had pleasure" in assenting to it; the Act was one that for the first time gave mothers some right to the guardianship and custody of their own infants; prior to that, as a Judge put it from the bench, "the English law did not see the mother, but only the father and the child."

The idea with regard to this address, it is stated, is not to obtain a great number of signatures, but that all who sign shall be in some degree representative women: those holding any office in an association philanthropic, educational, political, or otherwise; women prominent among workers in any profession or trade; members of school boards, boards of guardians, and parish councils; matrons and managers of any institution of a public nature; and, in short, all the women, now so numerous, who are actively and honourably engaged in some wide sphere of life, and who feel that the example of the Queen and the brilliance of her reign have been an aid to them. Among those who have already signed (though the matter is still in the initiatory and organising stage) are the following: Lady Tweedmouth, Lady Helen Munro-Fergusson, Lady Henry Somerset, the Hon. Mrs. MacLagan (wife of the Archbishop of York), Lady Butler, Lady Leigh, Lady Stansfeld, Lady Foster, Lady Arnold, Lady Phear, and Lady Cameron; Edna Lyall, Alice Meynell, and Olive Cronwright-Schreiner among authors; Mrs. Homan and Mrs. Maitland, members of the London School Board; and other names are there so familiar as Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Mrs. Asquith, Mrs. Haweis, Mrs. Wynford Phillips, Mrs. Jopling, Mrs. J. P. Thomasson, Mrs. Spence Watson (of Newcastle), Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake (of Edinburgh), Mrs. Huggins (wife of the astronomer), and Mrs. Bramwell Booth. The honorary secretary is Mrs. Alice Cliff Scatcherd, of The Hall, Morley, near Leeds; and on the organising

committee are Mrs. Priscilla Bright McLaren, the sister of John Bright, and widow of Mr. Duncan McLaren, long M.P. for Edinburgh, Mrs. Jacob Bright, and Mrs. Jane Cobden Unwin, Richard Cobden's daughter.

Trinity College, Dublin, has been hitherto rigidly held closed against women graduates. It has now been decided by the powers that be to open its degrees on the same terms as those hitherto obtaining at Cambridge—namely, that a certificate of having passed an examination that would entitle men to a degree with honours, shall be granted to such women as may earn the distinction. But it is rather late in the day for Trinity College to make this concession—just at the very moment that a further move is advised by the officially appointed "syndicate" at Cambridge.

Great diversion is being afforded the small fry of journalism by a report that at a meeting last week of the Ladies' Kennel Association the chairman, the Hon. Mrs. Bayley, being accused of partiality by a speaker, burst into tears and abruptly left the platform. To "argue from particulars to generals" is apparently a prevailing weakness of the great majority of men where women are concerned. If the Hon. Mrs. Bayley did behave so feebly, does that prove anything more than that the particular lady named is unfit to be a chairman? Of course not! Yet one of the scribes who lead the public mind observes: "This proves that women cannot conduct public meetings." On the contrary, women, with the love of order that distinguishes the sex, conduct public meetings remarkably well. Every year, for years past, immense conferences of women have sat under the presidency of women—Women's Liberal Federation, Women's Temperance Associations, and others—and though great differences of opinion often arise, and many hundreds of women are present, the proceedings have always been conducted with the most perfect temper by the presidents and regard to order by the members. These gatherings have abundantly proved the ability of women to manage meetings.

We all know, however, that a partial or arbitrary chairman (of either sex) has sometimes to be resisted by a minority; and if women are going to form associations for any purpose, it must be sometimes needful for them to have rather stormy meetings. "No gains without pains," or as the more romantic proverb of the Greeks had it—"The gods say to man, have what you will, but pay the price." So it is; if lady dog-fanciers are to work in concert they must make rules, and differences of opinion may arise very naturally, and must be discussed to the full; and then if either a weak or a headstrong chairman is unluckily selected there will and must be "ructions." The final decision of the judges in the test case of the meeting of the Royal British Nurses' Association was to the



A SILK BROCADE TEA-GOWN.

effect that a member of an association has no legal remedy against a chairman who refuses, however unreasonably, to put a resolution; and in that case a minority strong enough to make itself felt at a meeting must insist there and then on its right of speech and protest. Still, it should always be done in as quiet and gentle a manner as possible: a lady can be a lady under any provocation or necessity.

In honour of the longest reign in English history, Messrs. J. and E. Atkinson, of Bond Street, have specially prepared and introduced a Royal "Record" Perfume. It is a delightfully sweet scent, being made, not artificially or chemically, but from flowers. F. F.-M.



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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, F. S. TAYLOR (Hunstanton).—Black must move something, and whatever he moves enables mate to be given.

H. D'O BERNARD.—Thanks for problem. The last is still under consideration, but there is a severe competition for our limited space among two-movers.

J. H. (Southport).—Both Rooks should be White, and the White Queen on her own square.

W. H. GUNDY (Exeter).—Problem to hand. We presume it has not been actually printed elsewhere.

W. P. HIND.—We are always pleased to examine your problems.

W. S. BRESTON (Sunbury).—It is better to give the main variation in full, but the other mates we do not desire.

A. B. S. (Horncastle).—If space permits it shall appear.

REINALD KELLY (of Kelly).—It is a class of problem we like to publish occasionally, so it shall appear in due course.

CHARLES BURNETT, F. HOOPER, and A. BRIGGS.—Problems received with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2753 received from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2760 from Percy Charles (New York); of No. 2761 from Fr. Zuber (Rome), Otto Bauer (Berlin), Charles Burnett and Rev. C. R. Sowell (St. Austell); of No. 2762 from Castle Lea, William D. J. Edwards, T. C. D., G. T. Hughes (Tortumna), Fr. Zuber (Rome), and J. Bailey (Newark).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2763 received from W. David (Cardiff), C. Josling (Dover), W. S. Breston, William D. J. Edwards, W. H. Gundy (Exeter), R. H. Brooks, Miss D. Grogan (Manchester), T. G. (Ware), T. Chown, F. Hooper (Lutney), H. Le Jeune, W. R. B. (Clifton), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Shadforth, Fred Elliot (Crouch End), J. F. Moore, E. Louden, Alpha, Albert Ludwig (Alsace), Sorrento, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), James Krohne, T. Roberts, E. P. Valliamy, Castle Lea, Joseph Cook, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Tom Murchison (Glasgow), Bryn Melyn (Penmaenmawr), Fred J. Gross, G. J. Veal, Charles Burnett, R. Worters (Canterbury), E. W. Bryden (Highgate), Bluet, and Eugene Henry (Lewisham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2762.—By R. A. COLVILLE.

WHITE.
1. Kt to K 6th
2. R to K 4th
3. R to Q 5th. Mate.
If Black play 1. K to Q 6th, 2. Kt to B 5th (ch); if 1. K to B 4th, 2. Kt to B 2nd; and if 1. K to B 6th, then 2. R to B 6th (ch), etc.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. PILLSBURY and SNOWWALTER.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Kt to B 5th	B takes Kt
2. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	20. P takes B	R to B sq
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	21. Q to R 4th	Q to B 2nd
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. P to K Kt 4th	Q to K 2nd
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	23. Kt to K 4th	Kt to B 2nd
6. B to K 3rd	B takes B	24. Q to R 5th	K to Kt sq
7. P takes B	Kt to R 4th	25. P to R 4th	P to R 3rd
8. B to Kt 3rd	Kt takes B	26. R to Kt 2nd	R to B 2nd
9. R P takes Kt	Kt to R 3rd	27. K to R sq	P to B 5th
		28. Q R to K Kt sq	P takes P
		29. P takes P	K R to B sq
		30. P to Kt 5th	R P takes P
		31. P takes P	Kt takes P
		32. R takes Kt	

Having disposed of both White's Bishops, there is no danger of having his Pawns doubled, and there is something to be said for this original development.

10. Castles. P to Q 3rd
11. P to Q 4th. Q to K 2nd
12. Q to K sq. Castles
13. Q to Kt 3rd.
It will be observed that White's aim is at the King direct.

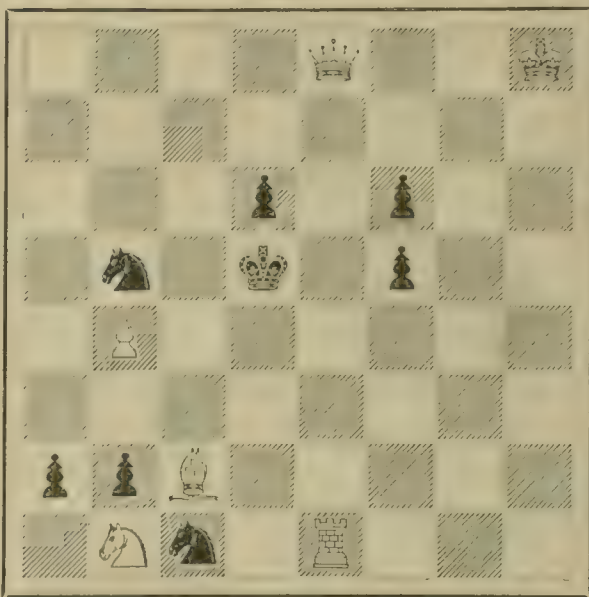
14. P to K R 3rd. B to K 3rd
15. R to B 2nd. Q R to K sq
16. Q R to K B sq. B to B sq
17. Kt to R 4th. K to R sq
18. P to Q 5th. P to Q B 4th

There is now a most interesting finish, played in White's best style.

33. Kt takes Kt P. P takes R
34. Q takes P (ch). P to Kt 3rd
35. Q to K 6th (ch). Q to K 2nd
36. R to Kt 3rd. K to R sq
37. K to Kt 2nd. R to B 6th (ch)
38. K to B 3rd. K R to B 7 (ch)
39. K to K 4th. R to B 8th (ch)
40. Q to K 8th (ch). R to K R 8th
Resigns.

PROBLEM No. 2765.—By J. MACDONALD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

All chess-players will be glad to hear that Mr. Steinitz has recovered from the effects of his nervous breakdown, and with proper rest complete recovery may be anticipated.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowland announce the early publication of a new edition of "The Problem Art."

The Rev. A. B. Shipworth, honorary secretary of the Counties' Chess Association, writing from Tetford Rectory, Horncastle, makes the following suggestion for a National Chess Tournament to be held during the forthcoming Diamond Jubilee celebrations: "Chess being an unsurpassed mental recreation and productive so frequently of the best results, kindly permit me to advocate among the numerous Jubilee celebrations of the year the holding of a National Tournament. I would propose that a committee should at once be formed, consisting (say) of two members of each of the leading London chess clubs—the St. George's, City, Metropolitan, British, Simpson's, etc., and a similar number of representatives of the Counties' Association, and of the Northern and Southern Counties' Union, with power to add to their number. The prizes need not be large, but rather numerous, and all done without in any way interfering with the Royal Grand Hospital movement. I would suggest that the tournament be national, not international, admitting as competitors British-born subjects and foreigners who have been naturalised by at least a few years' continuous residence among us, dispensing with the absurd title of master in contradistinction to amateurs, which neither logic nor courtesy can define. I would gladly undertake the preliminary correspondence, and I ask your kind aid in the matter by giving publicity to the proposal."

Although the serious floods of the earlier part of the year have now abated, the Thames remained nearly three feet above its normal summer height at Windsor at the beginning of the present week. At East Molesey the river was also considerably swollen, and at Hampton Court was rising rapidly from the great influx of water from the river Mole.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Probate of the will of Mr. Edward Balme Wheatley Balme, of Cote Wall, Mirfield, and High Close, Loughrigg, Grasmere (who died on Oct. 28, 1896), has been granted to the executors, Mr. Joseph Wheatley, Mr. Frank Maude Taylor Jones, and Mr. Thomas Jackson, junior; and estate duty has been paid on real and personal estate amounting to £331,100. The testator gives the bulk of his printed books to Selwyn College, Cambridge, and £1000 to provide the necessary accommodation, care, and proper keeping of the same, or otherwise, for the general purposes of the College. There is a specific gift of his stocks or public funds of Great Britain (which are of large value) for the benefit as to one sixth for the Incorporated Society for Building Churches, one sixth for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, three sixths for the Curates Aid Society, and one sixth for the National Society. The testator also bequeaths £10,000 to the Bishop of Wakefield's Spiritual Aid Fund, and £10,000 to the Wakefield Diocesan Board of Education. There is also a conditional gift of an indefinite amount in aid of the Wakefield Bishopric Endowment Fund, but it is believed that this gift was completed by the testator in his lifetime. There are legacies to the testator's godchildren, executors, servants, and others. The residue is to be held in trust for certain members of the testator's family. The value of the charitable gifts will probably amount to £105,000.

The will (dated March 9, 1896) of Mr. Henry Fell Pease, J.P., D.L., M.P. for the Cleveland Division of Yorkshire, of Brinkburn, Darlington, who died on Dec. 6, was proved on March 16 by Sir Joseph Whitwell Pease, Bart., the cousin, Walter Fell Pease, the son, and John William Pease, the brother-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £74,146 gross and £32,907 net. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects at Brinkburn, with the carriages, horses, live and dead stock, and farm implements, to his wife Mrs. Elizabeth Pease Pease; £2500 to his daughter Anna Louisa Pease; £100 each to his executors; and legacies to his servants. He devises Brinkburn, with the park lands and premises attached thereto, to his wife for life, and then to his eldest son Walter Fell Pease; his estate called "Pierremont," with the furniture and contents thereof, to his son Algernon Henry Pease, but subject to the life interest of his deceased father's wife, and the option given to his wife to reside there in place of Brinkburn; and Willow Bank and other freehold lands in Darlington to his said son Walter. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then to his three children in such shares as she shall by deed or will appoint, and in default thereof as to two fifths each to his sons, and the remaining one fifth to his daughter.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1894) of Mr. John Pearson Cox, J.P., of Nottingham, who died on Jan. 22, was proved at the Nottingham District Registry on Feb. 8 by Charles Grey Hill, Henry Gibson Jalland, and William Thomas Cartwright, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £71,536. He bequeaths £500 to his sister Eliza Cox; £100 each to his nephews, Charles John

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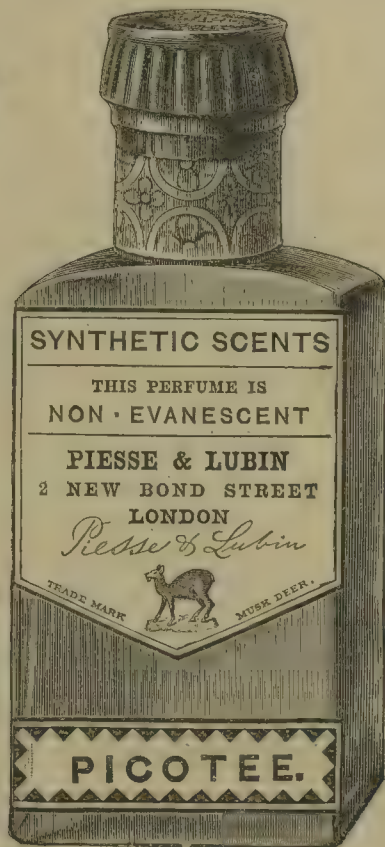
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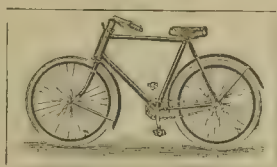
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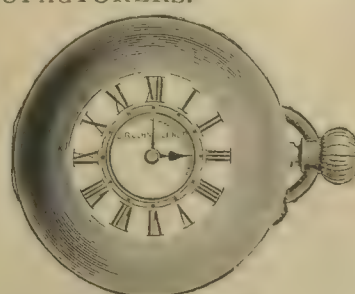
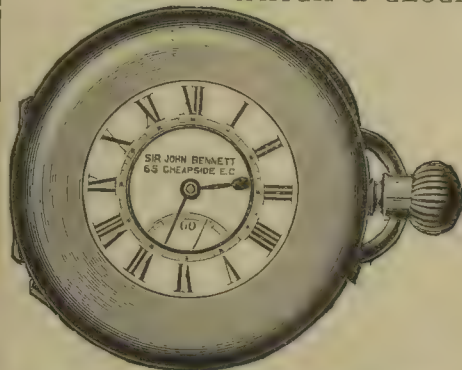
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The will (dated Jan. 23, 1892) of Mr. John Brundrit, J.P., of Runcorn, Chester, who died on Dec. 1, was proved on March 15 by Arthur Salkeld and Miss Edith Anne Barclay, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £43,541. He bequeaths all his shares in the Cecil Steamship Company and all his plate to his son Reginald Ernest Barclay Brundrit, and £100 each to his executors. He gives his share and interest in the business of Brundrit and Co., quarry-owners and stone-merchants at Runcorn, Penmaenmawr, and Pwllheli (such share to be taken at the value of £19,000), to his son Reginald, subject to the payment by him of such a sum to his two other sons as, with what they will receive from his residuary estate and under his marriage settlement, will make up as near as possible equal shares to his three sons. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons Percy Wright Brundrit and John Cecil Brundrit, and he also appoints to them the funds of his marriage settlement.

The will (dated July 31, 1890), with three codicils (dated Jan. 6, 1891, and Dec. 19 and 26, 1896), of Mr. Thomas

Dickson, of 23, Kensington Court Gardens, who died on Dec. 28, was proved on March 11 by Mrs. Mary Geddes Dickson, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £39,218. The testator gives £1000 and his household furniture and effects to his wife; £500, upon trust, for his daughter Phoebe Mary; and a policy of insurance for £2000, in the Scottish Equitable Company, upon trust, for his wife during widowhood, and then between all his daughters. The residue of his real and personal estate, including his tea estate, mills, stocks, etc., in Ceylon, is to be held upon trust to pay the income thereof to his wife for life or widowhood, but should she again marry, then to pay her £250 per annum. Subject as above, all his property is to be divided equally between his children, but sums settled on his daughters and advanced to his sons are to be brought into account.

The will (dated July 10, 1896) of Mrs. Jane Eleanor Rodgers, of Endcliffe Vale House, Sheffield, who died on Dec. 11, has been proved at the Wakefield District Registry by James Henry Butcher and Harold Thomas, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £26,886 0s. 3d. The testatrix bequeaths £2500 to the Sheffield Corporation, upon trust, to apply the income in maintaining a Scripture-reader for that parish, to be called the "T. W. Rodgers Scripture-Reader"; £500 to the Sheffield General Infirmary; £250 each to the Sheffield Female Refuge, the Sheffield Aged Female Society, and the Jessop Hospital for Women; £200 to the East London Institution for Home and Foreign Missions; £300 to Grace Owen, the daughter of Sir Philip Cunliffe

Owen; £2500, upon trust, for her niece Eleanor Waterhouse; £2500, upon trust, for her niece Maria Elizabeth Forbes; and legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves as to one fourth thereof each to her nephew Harold Thomas and her nieces Sophia Thomas and Eleanor Waterhouse, and the remaining one fourth, upon trust, for her niece Maria Elizabeth Forbes.

The will (dated Jan. 24, 1896), with three codicils (dated Feb. 27, March 6, and Sept. 19, 1896), of Mr. Thomas Wood, J.P., of Bellwood, near Ripon, York, who died on Dec. 25, has been proved at the District Registry at Wakefield by Arthur John Harrison Wood, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £19,367. The testator gives £1000 and his diamond pin to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Loader Louisa Wood; and, subject thereto, leaves all his property to his said son.

The will (dated July 2, 1895) of Lieutenant-Colonel Villiers La Touche Hutton, of 25, Stanhope Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Feb. 2, was proved on March 10 by Colonel Villiers Hutton, of the Grenadier Guards, the son, and Joseph John Morgan, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £14,550. The testator estimates that the funds of his marriage settlement, and under the will of his deceased wife, to be divided between his children, Rosia Mary Hutton, Mrs. Madeleine Frances Mackinnon, and William de Bathe Hutton, will amount to £27,000, but should they not do so, they are to be made up to that sum out of his estate, so that each of his said three children will receive £9000. He gives his

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for APRIL. Price ONE SHILLING. Contents—THE ENGLISHMAN'S CALENDAR (April). A DAY OF CELEBRATION: An Anniversary Appeal. By Walter Besant. THE STORY OF SCOTT'S RUIN. By Leslie Stephen. DEEDS OF ALL NATIONS. German Deeds and their Penalties. By James Pemberton-Grand. THE COST OF COUNTRY HOUSES. By C. J. Cornish. MORRANT'S HALF-SOVEREIGN. By Eden Phillpotts. AN OLD CREEK ROMANCE. By Charles Elton, Q.C. THE PATRIOT'S PRODIGES. By Stephen Gwynn. THE MOON'S MIRACLE. By Walter Ransel. RECOLLECTIONS OF FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE. By Sir Edward Stachey, Bart. PAPER FROM A PRIVATE DIARY. IN KIDNEY TENTS. Chapters X.-XII. By Henry Seton Merriman. Author of "The Sowers," &c. London: SMITH, ELDON, and Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

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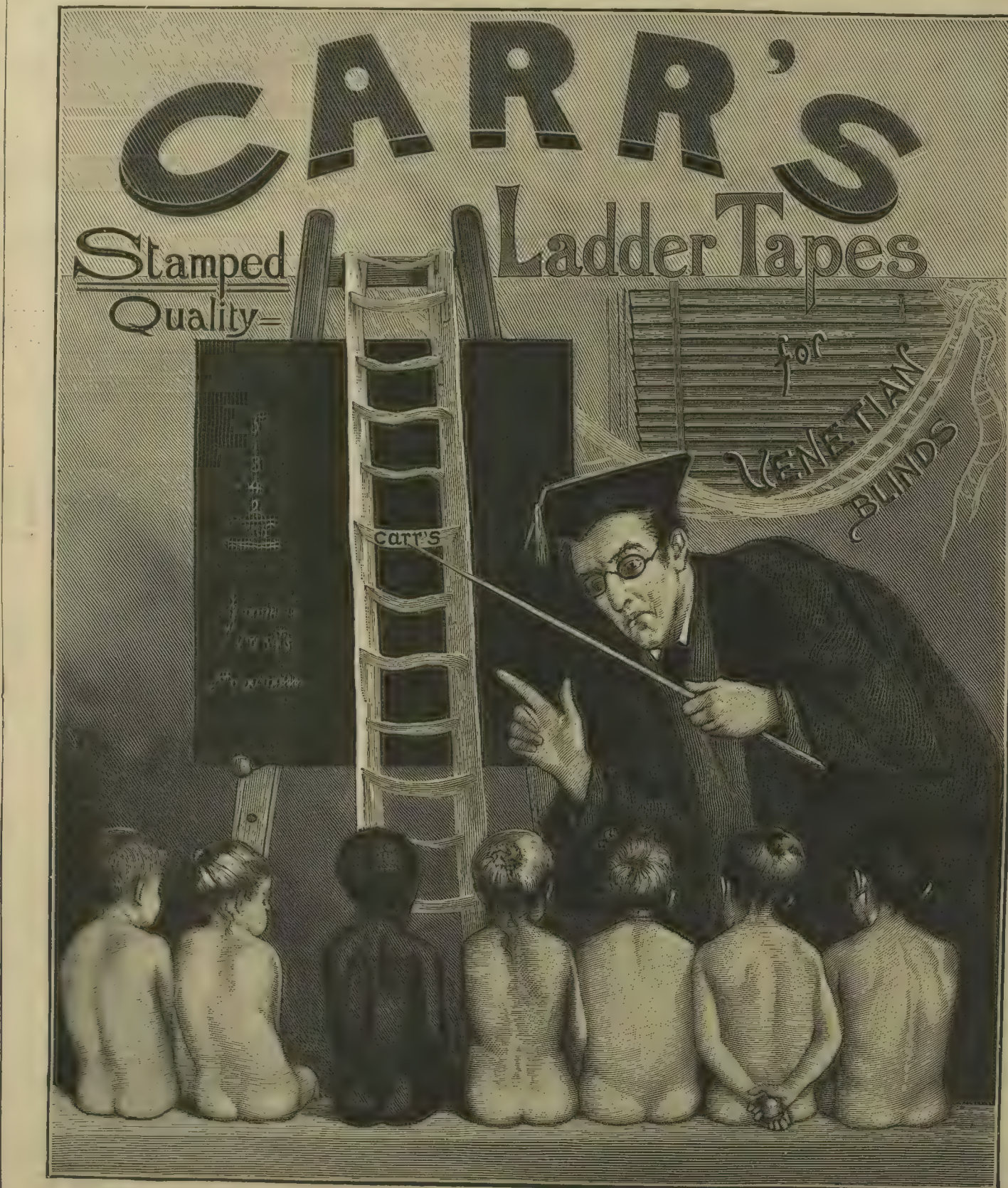


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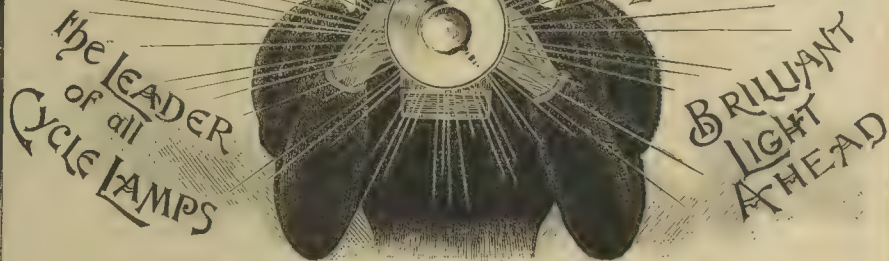
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The will and three codicils of Mr. John Heelis, of Brown Cottage, Pendleton, near Manchester, who died on Dec. 23, were proved at the Manchester District Registry on Feb. 23 by Mrs. Mary Ann Edwards Heelis, the widow, and Angus Alexander Gregorio Tulloch, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £13,189.

The will of Mr. Samuel Taylor, Q.C., of 5, Hague Road, Withington, Manchester, who died on Nov. 26 last, has been proved by Geoffrey Clive Taylor, M.B., the son and executor, the value of the personal estate being £919.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Charles Philip Colnaghi, of "Varuna," Sheringham, Norfolk, who died at Appleby Castle, Westmorland, on Oct. 20, intestate, a bachelor without parent, were granted on March 11 to Sir Dominic Ellis Colnaghi, Consul-General at Boston, the brother and only next of kin, the value of the personal estate being £242 1s. 4d.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A sermon was preached before the University of Oxford on March 14 by the Rev. E. M. Walker, on Robertson of Brighton. The preacher commenced by saying that in St. Ebbe's Church, Oxford, Frederick Robertson commenced his ministry just fifty years ago. His ministry there was of short duration, but it marked the beginning of a new period in his teaching. In the five series of his published sermons there are five preached at St. Ebbe's which contained many of the most characteristic ideas of his later style. Mr. Walker thought that Robertson's influence at Oxford had been less at all times than elsewhere, and that his influence at the present moment was much less than it deserved to be in the Church of England at large, and precisely in the class which had most to learn from him—the clergy. His influence was felt outside the Church more than within it. Nonconformists and the laity of the Church read his sermons still, but there was an entire ignorance of them, not only amongst the general body of the clergy, but even among professed teachers of theology.

Mr. Walker went on to say that Robertson was the greatest preacher of the century, and that what gave him his peculiar merit was neither his eloquence nor his style, but a quality which in a preacher is of far higher import-

ance than either of these—the quality of inspiration. He commended Robertson specially for contesting the ignoble creed that the regeneration of the world can be effected by an amelioration of its material conditions. This seemed to him the very negation of the gospel. He also spoke of Robertson both in his life and teaching as having consistently taught that outward results are no true test of success; that it is better to live for an ideal and fail, it may be pitifully, than never to have set an ideal before one; that, in a word, to live for an ideal at all necessarily implies failure and disappointment. It was his insistence upon this that made Robertson so acceptable a teacher for the middle age.

It has been reported that the Bishop of Worcester is in a precarious state of health. It will be learned with pleasure that this is quite untrue. The Bishop is doing all his work, and is in full vigour.

Reflections are being cast on the Superior of the Cowley Fathers for allowing Father Maturin to preach after he began to more than incline towards the Church of Rome. Father Maturin was not a secular priest but a religious under a vow of obedience. The responsibility for his public actions rested then not with himself but with his Superior. It is expected that the step that Father Maturin has taken will have an effect on many who have for years

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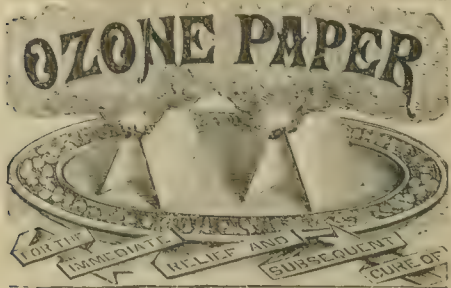


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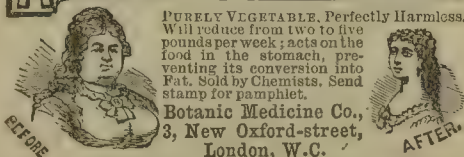
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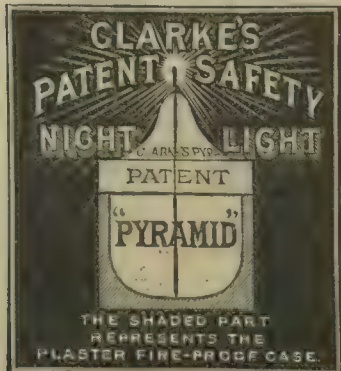


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SOMETHING WORTH DRINKING

past followed and looked up to him. On the other hand, a clergyman in Streatham writes that only last December Father Maturin, while conducting a short Retreat, declared his adherence to the Anglican position.

Cardinal Vaughan argues that the essential difference between the teaching of the Church of England and that of the East and West is on the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and he asks whether the Anglican Hierarchy claim the power to produce the actual living Christ Jesus by transubstantiation upon the altar, according to the priesthood of the Eastern and Western Churches. Some clergymen argue that the teaching of the Archbishops of the Church of England is identical on this subject with that of the East and West, the essential point being that the sacrifice is offered at the consecration, whereby the elements become the Body and Blood of Christ.

THE ABYSSINIAN MISSION.

The mission now on its way to Abyssinia with an auto-graph letter from the Queen to the Emperor Menelik is travelling from Aden, to Zeila, on the southern side of the Gulf of Aden. If it landed at Massawa, the country occupied by the Italian troops would have to be passed, and that would then leave a long journey south, by Addigera, Antalo, and Magdala, to be performed. Menelik's country is Shoa, in the extreme south of Abyssinia, and by landing at Zeila a much shorter land journey is necessary. Ankobar is the capital of Shoa, but Menelik will receive the mission at Asidaboa. Half a century ago a mission from India, under Major Harris, went to Ankobar by this route, and accounts of it were published at the time. Harris landed

at Tajurrah, in the gulf of that name, which is a little to the north of Zeila. The country is at first very wild and desolate; water is scarce; and wandering tribes of Danakils and Gallas are a danger, so that an escort is very necessary. Farther inland the ground rises and the region improves. At Ankobar there is a flourishing vegetation. Captain Speedy, who acts as interpreter with the mission, is well known in Abyssinia, for his first visit to that country took place when Theodore was a power in the land, and he accompanied Lord Napier's expedition as interpreter.

Mr. Rennell Rodd and his companions on the mission left Zeila for Harar on Saturday, March 20. In this connection it is interesting to note that one result of the recent French mission to the same potentate is a friendly arrangement for the coining of a large quantity of silver money for Abyssinia at the French mint.

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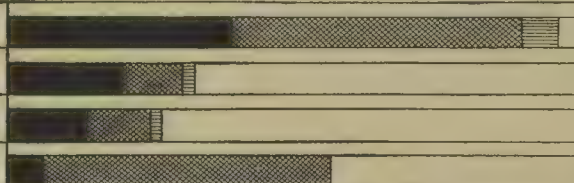
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T H E B E N I N E X P E D I T I O N .



THE FIRST FIGHT AT OLOGBO.

"The enemy had taken up a position in the bush all around, firing, shouting, and playing tomtoms. Colonel Hamilton, with one company of Houssas, and Lieutenant Fyler, with one Maxim, then advanced up the clearing. The enemy retired before our heavy fire, and were driven on to Ologbo village, which was then shelled, rushed, and captured."

THE BENIN EXPEDITION.

ON Feb. 3 the two ships belonging to the Mediterranean Squadron, *Theseus* and *Forte*, having joined Admiral Rawson's fleet lying off the Brass River, the former ship having on board the Consul-General, Mr. Ralph Moor, C.M.G., who had been embarked at Las Palmas, as the man-of-war would arrive at Brass before the steam-ship *Bathurst*, all arrangements for the punitive expedition against Benin city were complete. Captain Charles Campbell, C.B., of the *Theseus*, was given command of the 1st Division, consisting of A, B, and C Companies and marine detachment of *Theseus*, and rocket party of H.M.S. *Philomel*; Captain Thomas MacGill, of H.M.S. *Phæbe*, of the 2nd Division, consisting of A, B, and C Companies of the *St. George*; Captain Randolph Foote, of H.M.S. *Forte*, of the Carrier Column, which had as guard the A Company and marine detachment of *Forte*; and the Marine Battalion under Captain Byrne, R.M.L.I.—120 men, of whom three officers and 100 men belonged to the R.M.L.I., drawn from Portsmouth and Chatham, and one officer and twenty men were of the Royal Marine Artillery. There were in all about 1200 men, including five companies of Houssas under Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce Hamilton, and 100 scouts under Lieutenant S. E. Erskine, R.N., the whole force being under the command of Rear-Admiral H. H. Rawson, C.B., who had as Chief of the Staff

UP THE RIVER.

All thought to find it very monotonous on board, but the result proved quite the contrary. The river was at places very narrow, and, as the ships steamed along, the trees on either side could almost be touched. The luxuriant vegetation, the huge trees, the thick foliage, and the sharp bends of the river, all combined to make one of the most entrancing scenes that the eye of man has ever beheld. Animal life was not wanting, the birds were singing on every branch, the alligators and crocodiles were basking in the sun on the low river banks, hundreds of flies darted about, and lastly, on board the steamer lived a pet monkey, which kept up a continual squirming and squeaking in his pleasure or disgust at his home being invaded by so many human beings. Warrigi was reached that evening at sunset. The river here presented a most busy appearance, with the *Phæbe*, the *Ivy* (the Niger Coast Protectorate yacht), the four steamers with the troops, a steam-launch which was afterwards to do service at Ologbo creek, and the men-of-war's boats plying between the shore and the ships. All this was nothing, however, to the bustle and apparent confusion of the next morning on and around the landing place—the men with their arms and accoutrements, the jabber of hundreds of native carriers, the boat-loads of gear, such as Maxim and seven-pounder guns, rockets, ammunition, lamps, kettles, clothes, provisions, and every-



WARRIGI, THE BASE OF OPERATIONS.

"The fleet reached Warrigi on February 10 at sunset. The advance division landed first, followed the next morning by the other companies, which received directions, as they landed, to march up to Ceri, seven miles off, where a camp had been pitched."

Captain G. Egerton, R.N., and his Staff Officer Lieutenant Stuart Nicholson, R.N. This scheme was afterwards considerably altered, as will appear later on, small parties having to be sent to Gwato and Sapelbar. Just at the last moment it was thought that this number could be reduced by one half, but as the force had to be divided up, it was found necessary to send for the remainder in order to guard the flanks and rear, as experience showed that the usual tactics of the savage races of Africa were to allow the advance party and main force to get well into their country, and then to try and cut them off by attacking and occupying the rear. On the 8th the fleet at different times weighed anchor, and proceeded to the Forcados River, some—namely, the *St. George*, *Theseus*, and *Forte*—to anchor outside, and the smaller ships, *Philomel*, *Phæbe*, *Widgeon*, *Maggie*, *Barrosa* and *Alecto*, to go up the river to the base. The P. and O. *Malacca* now arrived from England, bringing the Marine Battalion mentioned above, and stores of every description, and having on board all the appliances for attending on the wounded, and three Naval Hospital sisters. The stores were taken up to Warrigi, which had been selected as the base of operations; and on Feb. 9 Captain Charles Campbell, C.B., was instructed by the Admiral, who had gone on, to superintend the embarkation of the troops in the small steamers provided to take them up the river. At two p.m. all were embarked, the *St. George's* men in the South African S. N. Company's steam-ship *Ilorin*, the *Theseus* men in the *Lagoon*, the Marine Battalion in the *Eloby*, and the remainder in the *Eko*. The bar was crossed that night, and the fleet anchored in the Forcados Reach to wait for daylight, before the fifty-five miles of difficult navigation through the winding creeks and rivers up to Warrigi was commenced.

thing one can think of. The advance division were the first to land, and all tried to get off as soon as possible. At six a.m. on Feb. 11, A and B Companies of the *Theseus* and their marines landed, very soon to be followed by the *St. George's* men and the Marine Battalion. Each company was given its group of carriers, who had been numbered in gangs of eighteen and marked with a distinguishing colour for the division to which they belonged. These carriers—in all about 1700—had been brought from Sierra Leone, Bonny, and other places along the Gold Coast. Directions were given to the companies as they landed to march up to Ceri, to a camp which had been made about seven miles off in a northerly direction.

THE LAND JOURNEY.

For some time after our start the journey seemed exactly like a stroll in the early morning along an English country lane, but affairs were soon to wear a different aspect; the sun came up and the temperature quickly reached 130 degrees in the shade, and all began to gasp for breath, many men falling out. Ceri was reached in the afternoon, and everybody was indeed grateful for the shelter afforded by the sheds which had been hastily constructed from the trees cut down to make a clearing for the camp. It was difficult to realise that only a week back the path, or one could almost call it a road, along which we had come, had been thick bush, which had now been cut in order to enable us to get to a certain part of Ologbo creek, so that the enemy's country could be penetrated at a spot where they least expected us. That evening a little incident occurred in the camp at which I, being a landsman, and unused to the naïveté of our sailors, was much amused. One of the men was told

T H E B E N I N E X P E D I T I O N .



THE GOLGOTHA, BENIN.

"Benin is indeed a city of blood, each compound having its pit full of dead and dying. Human sacrifices were strewn about on every hand, and our road was lined on each side with more than sixty victims hanging on the great crucifixion-trees. A large open space served as the native burial-place. Here the bodies were left to decompose in the sun."

off for sentry-go, and hearing someone approaching his post he wished to challenge him, but couldn't think, for the moment, what to say. He puzzled his brains for some time until matters began to get critical, when everybody was astounded to hear the words "Boat ahoy!" shouted in very stentorian tones, which, needless to say, were greeted with roars of laughter. Next morning a party of A Company of the *Theseus*, under Lieutenant Fyler, was ordered to join up with a portion of the Houssas, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, and to go up Ologbo creek about five hundred yards in a steam-launch to where the enemy had formed a camp, and attack them.

SHARP FIGHTING AT OLOGBO.

On their arrival not a moment was lost in disembarking the troops. The whole force formed rapidly in skirmishing order, the naval and Houssa Maxims playing on the clearing to cover the landing. The enemy had taken up a position in the trees and bush all round, firing, shouting, and playing tomtoms. Skirmishers and supports were ordered to lie down and fire volleys, to which the enemy replied briskly from the bush. After an hour and a quarter under fire, the *Primrose* brought up the remainder of A Company and another company of Houssas. Colonel Hamilton with one company of Houssas, and Lieutenant Fyler with one Maxim, then advanced up the clearing, the enemy firing incessantly from the trees and bush. Captain Koe, of the Niger Coast Protectorate Force, fell wounded, also one native officer and three privates, severely. The

the creek to be filled with water. The chief difficulty at this time was the transport of water for the force and for the native carriers, such large quantities being necessary to life, especially to Europeans, in this country. Anything that would carry water was requisitioned; a very large number of benzine oil-cans, holding about four gallons, had been supplied, and these, the kit-bags, and some large basket-covered glass demi-johns were used, but even then it was found necessary to put officers and men on an allowance of two quarts per diem. A company of the *Theseus* marched off to the Cross Roads early the next morning (Monday, Feb. 15) and relieved the advance party, who left to occupy Ogagi, farther on. At half-past five that evening the Admiral and the Headquarters Staff, with A Company of the *St. George* and the Marine Battalion, arrived and encamped at the Cross Roads.

THE ADVANCE ON BENIN.

On the following day, owing to the unsatisfactory news from the front, the Commander-in-Chief decided to form a flying column to march and attack Benin. It was composed as follows: A Company of the 1st Division, fifty-two; A Company of the 2nd Division, sixty; marines of *Theseus*, sixty; Marine Battalion, sixty; and demolition and rocket party, twenty. This reduced force left at ten o'clock that morning (Tuesday, Feb. 16). The path now got much narrower, and on account of the trunks of trees which barred the way our progress was necessarily very slow. Every now and then a halt had



THE BENIN EXPEDITION: THE FIELD HOSPITAL.

The wounded and the dead were first taken to the space behind the large cotton-tree here represented, and in this open-air hospital they were defended, until better accommodation was available, by a detachment of marines with two Maxims.

enemy retired before our heavy fire, and the attacking force, closely following them, found that at the commencement of the path to the village ambushade paths had been made on each side running parallel with it. Sections were detailed to follow these, and the enemy were driven on to Ologbo village, which was then shelled, rushed, and captured. Next day thirty dead bodies of the enemy were found, so, with the wounded they carried off, they must have suffered heavily. The *Primrose* steam-launch was employed the whole day in making trips between Ceri and Ologbo beach, transporting the companies with their carriers. B Company of the 1st Division and marines made a camp at the beach. It was rather an anxious time for those in command, as it was the first night spent in the enemy's country, and there seemed a great probability of an attack. However, the night passed off quietly, and none of the natives were seen except by A Company, who had encamped on the outskirts of the village, while Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton and the Houssas occupied the village itself. Next morning (Sunday, Feb. 14) the latter and his force, augmented by the marines of the 1st Division, marched off to destroy a village on the left flank, and to encamp at the Cross Roads for the night, while A and B Companies moved into the village to form a support. The advance party cleared the enemy out of their camp in the morning, the enemy retiring into the bush and firing on the force, wounding the sergeant-major of Houssas and four native soldiers seriously. At one time a good deal of anxiety was felt for this force, and a party was sent out to try and get touch with them, but met runners bearing despatches, with whom they returned. The Admiral and his staff now arrived at Ologbo village, and gave orders for the 1st Division to advance the next day, and for all the canvas bags in which the clothes were packed to be sent back to

to be made, and rounds of Maxim and volleys to be fired, to prevent the enemy, who were hovering all round, closing on us, and thus doing damage with their rain of bullets and slugs. Just after leaving the Cross Roads, the enemy were seen by the rear-guard. The whole of that portion of the force were ordered to knee down, volleys were fired, and the march then resumed, a few desultory shots being fired at intervals. The force arrived at Ogagi, a distance of five miles, that evening, and encamped for the night. Réveille was sounded at 4.30 a.m., and the march continued in a northerly direction, still along the narrow paths in single file. The advance party fired all the way, to clear the enemy out of the bush, and drive them on. At every clearing, evidences of their proximity were found in the fires which had hardly burnt out and the gourds and other things left behind in their haste. A startling affair took place about two hours after leaving camp. More than one half of the force had passed a certain spot, and one of the Consular officers of the Niger Coast Protectorate was also passing, when a native suddenly rose from behind a tree and blazed off in his face. The rush of air bowled him completely over, but he suffered no damage, his helmet only being blown to atoms. Awoko was reached about three o'clock, and just two hours afterwards everybody was put on the *qui-vive* by shots being fired into the camp, severely wounding one carrier, who died next day. Robert Dye, able seaman of the *St. George*, who was sentry over the water we had brought with us, was also slightly wounded. The camp was lined and volleys were fired at the enemy, who could occasionally be seen running from tree to tree all round. More shots were fired, but the natives, warned to keep out of the way of our volleys, did not take much aim, so the slugs that reached us were nearly all spent, and only inflicted trivial wounds. Darkness came down on us, and all remained quiet, the sentries, who had been stationed all

T H E B E N I N E X P E D I T I O N .



IN QUEST OF WATER.

"On the morning after the occupation of Benin three hundred water-carriers, with the seamen and marines of the 'Theseus' and two companies of Houssas, went in search of water. After descending a gorge with banks two hundred feet high, they reached the Ikpobar Creek."

T H E B E N I N E X P E D I T I O N .



CAPTAIN CAMPBELL'S BRIGADE BRINGING UP THE REAR IN THE ADVANCE ON THE TOWN.

"On the morning of February 18 the column moved on from the spot where it had encamped the night before, just at the time, as it turned out, when the enemy had gathered in full force for an attack. Understanding from this advance that the white man was not to be deterred from his purpose, the natives became half-hearted, and confined themselves to firing a few shots at the rear-guard of the 1st Division. A number of the enemy were shot down by the Bluejackets, who behaved with great pluck and coolness, not throwing a shot away, and obeying orders implicitly."

round, being undisturbed during the night. The following morning, about the same hour, the column, which stretched for about three miles, moved on, as it turned out, just at a time when the enemy had gathered in force to attack us; but seeing us advance, and thus understanding that the white man was not to be deterred from his purpose, they became half-hearted, and confined themselves to firing a few shots at the rear-guard of the 1st Division. Some of them who had the temerity to show themselves were shot down by the bluejackets, who behaved with great pluck and coolness, not throwing a shot away, and obeying the orders given to them implicitly. Benin was now being approached, and the horrible sights that all were to witness had their forerunners. Two of the enemy's warriors were found in the path riddled with bullets.

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Shortly after this, Sydney Ansell, Torpedo-Instructor of the *St. George*, who was in charge of the demolition party, and consequently well in advance, in order to blow up or cut away the obstructions in the path, was shot dead, with three bullet wounds in the breast. He was buried a little farther on at the first clearing, Captain Campbell saying the words of the service for the burial of the dead, while the sailors stood round with hats off and heads bowed, paying a last farewell to a brave comrade. We next came to a human sacrifice lying in the path, a poor native female slave who had a piece of stick tied across her mouth, and her entrails cut out. As we proceeded these sights became quite common, so I shall forbear from remarking on them. A little farther on, a stockade had been hastily constructed by the enemy, but was evacuated under our heavy fire, which, however, had no effect upon it, and gun-cotton had to be used by Commander Bacon, who had been appointed to the Headquarters Staff as chief of the Intelligence Department. The force, advancing at the double, pushed on, firing Maxim, volleys, and war-rockets at the retreating enemy, the latter frightening them more than anything else.

THE MAIN ACTION OF THE DAY.

The path now opened into a good road, running at right angles, about fifty yards wide, with very thick brushwood on either side. About two hundred of the enemy were seen, and many were shot down, but the wounded and the bodies of the killed were in nearly every case dragged into the bush and carried off. All along this road the enemy had collected in large numbers, and here the principal action of the day was fought. Two gunners of the Royal Marine Artillery were killed, and Captain Byrne, commanding the Marine Battalion, Mr. W. Johnstone, gunner of H.M.S. *Philomel*, one second class petty officer, three able seamen, and seven marines were wounded. Surgeon C. J. Fyfe was killed shortly after, whilst attending on the wounded. It was afterwards learned, from one of the liberated slaves, that the King had sent a large number of his picked men to occupy the trees on either side of this road. The war-rockets and the Maxims, one of which was ably worked by Captain Burrows of the *Houssas*, did their work well, and the force, rushing on, headed by the Admiral, captured the principal compounds, but found that King Duhoar, his brother Orokolts, his generals Ohrigi and Ojorno, the Ju-Ju priests, and all the principal chiefs and warriors, had fled into the bush, where it was impossible to follow them. A flag of truce

was hoisted outside the King's compound, but it met with no response, a few slaves heavily manacled only making their appearance. The three principal compounds were now occupied, and as the carriers, who had been halted a short distance from the city, arrived under escort of the 1st Division, the water was placed in the first compound under the charge of sentries, and the provisions and ammunition in another. It was now three o'clock (Thursday, Feb. 18), and the men were all parched with thirst after their long march from six till three; but, in the uncertainty of getting water the following day, the Admiral ordered that the men's water-bottles only were to be filled. As each company of bluejackets and marines marched up, the Commander-in-Chief stepped forward saying a few words of encouragement to each, and praising them all for their bravery and endurance. In fact, Admiral Rawson and his Chief of the Staff, Captain George Le C. Egerton, endeared themselves to the whole force of seamen and marines by their anxiety after their welfare, their desire to shield

them from the rays of the sun, from over-fatigue, and by their splendid arrangements for supplying the men with water and provisions.

THE HORRORS OF BENIN CITY.

Benin is indeed a city of blood, each compound having its pit full of dead and dying; human sacrifices were strewn about on every hand, hardly a thing was without a red stain, and one road was lined on each side with more than sixty victims. The city consists of a number of huge compounds of oblong shape, surrounded by walls made of red mud, about nine inches thick, and of extraordinary strength. At the top of these compounds there was usually a covered space, the ground underneath being raised about two feet. Here the people of Benin hold their hideous rites to their gods or fetiches, which are ranged along the wall, and which comprise elephants' tusks and carved figures of ivory, brass, and bronze, having the most grotesque appearance. In the centre of the sheltered part was an orifice, from the sides of which blood was streaming. I must not omit to mention the huge crucifixion-trees which were in the wide road leading past the compounds, and on which the remains of victims could still be seen. Near these were more pits full of bodies, and from one moans could be heard. Some of the corpses were hoisted out, and a



1. King's Compound. 2. Ojumo's Compound. 3. Queen-Mother's House. 4. Another Compound. 5. Ochudi's Compound. 6. Road to Water.

CHIEF DORE AND THREE OTHER NATIVES DRAWING A ROUGH PLAN OF BENIN CITY WITH MATCHES, PAPER, AND CORK, ON THE FLOOR OF THE VICE-CONSULATE, NEW BENIN, BEFORE THE VICE-CONSUL AND COMMANDER BACON.

boy who had been Gordon's native servant was rescued. He had been for over five days in this pit, covered by a heap of dead and dying, who had been thrown in after him. From another pit a woman and two boys were rescued, but although every attention has been paid to them, I am afraid little hope can be entertained of their ultimate recovery. In the King's palaver-house the whole of the effects taken from the murdered whites was found almost untouched, their sporting guns, their helmet-cases, and cameras, and the merchandise brought by the traders of the expedition.

Next morning three hundred water-carriers, with the seamen and marines of the *Theseus* and two companies of *Houssas*, accompanied by a guide, went in search of water. After a march of two hours along an excellent road, in which the stench of decaying bodies was almost overpowering, they came to the Ikpobar creek. It is impossible to picture the delight on the faces of all when, after descending between the sides of a gorge 200 feet deep, they came in sight of the crystal water. No

T H E B E N I N E X P E D I T I O N .



VIEW OF BENIN FROM ONE OF THE SACRIFICE-TREES.

"The city consists of a number of huge compounds of oblong shape, surrounded by walls made of red mud. At the top of these compounds there is usually a covered space within which the hideous rites of Benin's religion are performed. In the road leading past the compounds stood crucifixion-trees, on which the remains of victims could still be seen."



A FUNERAL UNDER FIRE: BURIAL OF TORPEDO-INSTRUCTOR ANSELL.

"Mr. Sydney Ansell, who was shot dead while in charge of the demolition party, was buried in the first clearing reached by the advancing column. Captain Campbell said the words of the service for the burial of the dead, while the sailors stood round with hats off and heads bowed."

sooner had the receptacles been filled than all with one accord plunged into the stream, some not even waiting to take off their clothes.

The three following days were occupied in making sorties to capture and destroy the King's palace, Ochudi's compound, and the Queen-mother's house, while the force remaining behind were detailed to assist in blowing up and destroying all traces of the crucifixion-trees. Some five hundred yards down the road was a large open space which served as the native burial-place. Here the dead were brought and deposited on the ground, some perfectly nude, some covered with thin matting. The bodies were left to decompose in the sun, tainting the air for miles around, and making one of the most horrible sights that has ever been seen.

A NEW ENEMY.

On Sunday, Feb. 21, after a day of rest, just before the time appointed for performing divine service, hoisting the British colours, and giving three cheers for our Queen, smoke was seen rising from one of the houses about a mile off on the left of the King's palaver-house, which had been converted into a temporary hospital for sick and wounded. All the houses, to the number of about two hundred, to the south-west of the compounds were covered with a kind of thatch which had become so dry that, with the high wind blowing, within the space, one might almost say, of a few seconds the whole were in a blaze. Nobody inquired if there was time to get the stores, ammunition, provisions, and tusks out, but everybody's thought was for the wounded and sick, who had to be carried five or six hundred yards out of harm's way. Captain Campbell with his company of bluejackets was the first up to the hospital, the stretchers were manned, and the wounded lifted out. Not a moment too soon, however, for hardly had the last been carried off

former ship, and on the 12th they occupied and burnt the huts of Gilly-Gilly, meeting with no opposition. The forty seamen and forty marines who had been landed now pushed on to Gwato along a narrow path, and, climbing a rough wooden ladder, found themselves in the town, which the enemy had deserted. A short time after, the force was attacked, and fired on heavily for an hour. Lieutenant and Commander E. D. Hunt and two men were wounded severely, while Captain O'Callaghan and two more men were wounded slightly. When the firing ceased they burnt the remaining huts, and went back to the boats.

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGES.

News of the action at Ologbo beach, of the Gwato engagement, and the following attack on Sapelbar, had now reached England, and a gracious telegram was received from the Queen, which cheered all hearts on being read aloud, and was in turn cheered to the echo by the force. As everyone is now aware, it was worded as follows: "Please convey to Admiral Rawson and forces under his command my congratulations on their successful advance, though I deeply regret casualties, including three commanding officers of my ships. I shall anxiously await further news. Please forward any news about the wounded.—V.R.I." To this reply was made: "Please convey to her Majesty from the Admiral, Consul-General, officers, and men of the whole force their grateful thanks for her Majesty's kind message." On the 14th the Commander-in-Chief sent reinforcements, and ordered Gilly-Gilly to be reoccupied. They found both places deserted, but shortly after their arrival at the latter place the enemy opened fire on them, and kept up a fusillade of bullets and slugs from the bush for three days. Fortunately, the shelter was good, and only three white men and one carrier were wounded, none severely. The force remained here up to the 27th. The



LIEUTENANT ROBERTSON DEFENDING THE REAR-GUARD IN THE FINAL ADVANCE ON BENIN CITY.

when the whole place was in a blaze, spoiling all the valuable ivory tusks and other curios which had been stored in the centre of the palaver-house. The fire raged furiously for about two hours, after which the compounds and houses, which now presented a very bare appearance, the four walls only being left, were again occupied. But in what a sorry plight were we! Nearly all of the men's accoutrements, rockets, and ammunition were saved, but all private provisions and stores, all the clothes that the owners did not happen to be wearing at the time, were destroyed. Some who had taken off their coats, their helmets, or their gaiters for a few moments, found themselves in the same predicament, and the force presented a curious appearance on arrival at the base on their return.

DEPARTURE OF THE COLUMN.

Next morning the flag was hoisted, and the column was got into the order of march to return to Warrigi to re-embark. Whilst marching off, the Houssas who were to be left in charge of the city fell in in front of the principal compound, headed by Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce Hamilton, and gave three cheers for Admiral Rawson and the Naval Brigade, which were very heartily returned. The journey back to the base was accomplished without mishap, though the men now began to fall out, being attacked by the deadly malarial fever, which had been sowing its germs in the constitutions of the weaker ever since landing. To give you some estimate of the effect of this climate on Europeans who are either unused to it or fresh from another part of the world, I heard from a reliable source that on board one of the ships engaged, out of the two hundred men landed, ninety were already down with fever, some very seriously ill, while another forty were anything but well, being as thin as possible, and no doubt on the verge of illness.

THE FIGHTING AT SAPELBAR AND GWATO.

I have not given you any particulars of the attacks made on Sapelbar and Gwato, in order to divert the enemy's attention from the flying column. On Feb. 10 the *Philomel*, *Barrosa*, and *Widgeon* left Warrigi, under the command of Captain O'Callaghan, of the

Sapelbar contingent, the *Phæbe*, *Maggie*, and *Alecto*, left Sapele on the 11th, under the command of Captain MacGill. The *Alecto* was anchored an hour and a half from Sapelbar, and the force was landed in boats on the north shore. A zareba was immediately made, and they slept the night there, leaving at 6.45 next morning to try to get to Oboqua. They marched for six miles, but found nothing of it, so returned to the zareba, having no trouble during the night. In the morning Captain MacGill left with a party of men to go back and get a supply of ammunition and provisions; and while the men who were left behind were cutting wood the enemy came down in force and fired on the party from under cover, Lieutenant and Commander C. E. Pritchard and one bluejacket being killed and one man shot through the shoulder. News was sent to Captain MacGill, who immediately started to return, arriving at Sapelbar at five p.m. on the 14th, one man dying of sun-stroke on the way. Whilst the relief party was marching up to reoccupy the zareba the enemy were seen in force, but they did not attack. On the 16th the enemy made a camp near the zareba, and fired on the force continuously. On the 20th the Carrier Column, who were bringing stores, were fired on, and one marine of the escort was seriously wounded. On this day all opposition was at an end.

Although the casualties—about eight killed and forty-five wounded of the force, and about thirty carriers killed and wounded—are not a large number, the work which had to be done was very arduous; and I expect that the number who died from sun-stroke and fever while the expedition was in progress will be considerably increased when the sea air has had time to develop the fever-germs in those who encamped in the unhealthiest spots.

Nothing could be more satisfactory than the work and the results of the expedition. The blood of our countrymen has been avenged, and a system of barbarism rendered hideous by the most savage, horrible, and bloodthirsty customs that even Africa can show has been effectually broken up. Now that the cause of civilisation has been advanced in this benighted district, the only wonder is that such a state of things should have been allowed to exist so long.

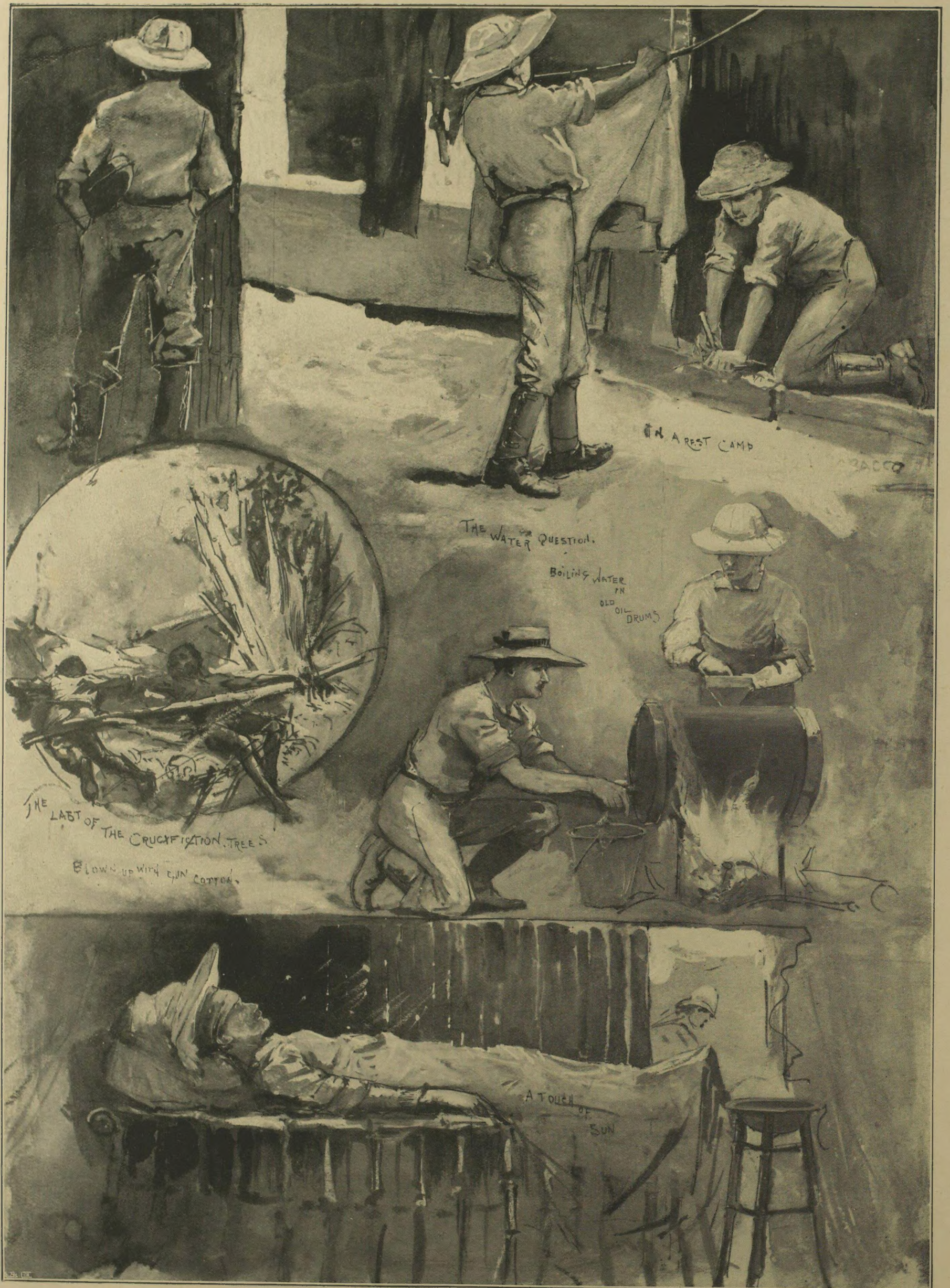
T H E B E N I N E X P E D I T I O N .



RESCUING THE WOUNDED FROM THE FIRE AT THE TEMPORARY HOSPITAL.

"On Sunday, February 21, smoke was seen rising from one of the houses converted into a hospital for the wounded. Captain Campbell, with his company of bluejackets, was the first to reach the hospital. The stretchers were manned and the wounded carried out with admirable promptitude, but not a moment too soon, for the whole place was in a blaze."

THE BENIN EXPEDITION.



1. After a Day's March.

2. The Water Difficulty: Boiling Water in Native Oil-Drums.

3. Crucifixion-Trees.

4. A Touch of Sun,

TYPICAL SCENES,

LIFE'S RUE AND ITS WINE.

*'For One shall Grasp and One Resign,
One drink Life's Rue and One its Wine;
And God shall make the Balance Good.'*—

'Peace hath Higher Tests of Manhood than Battle ever knew.'—WHITTIER.

'Behold, we know not anything! I can but trust that good shall fall At last—far off—at last, to all.'—TENNYSON

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies.

Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in Life.

Former generations perished in venial ignorance of all sanitary laws. When Black Death massacred hundreds of thousands, neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their slaughter.'—Times.

**The Moral—NATURE IS ONLY SUBDUED BY OBEDIENCE TO HER LAWS.
PREVENTION.**

HUGE BLUNDER.—This age, in many points great and intelligent, spends large sums of money in legal strangling of those who cause their fellows violent death, the result of ignorance and a want of control over the passions, while we calmly allow MILLIONS to DIE of, and HUNDREDS of MILLIONS to SUFFER from, VARIOUS PREVENTABLE DISEASES, simply for want of a proper sanitary tribunal. The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder.

THE TRANSVAAL!!!

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN FEVER-STRICKEN PARTS OF AFRICA. LACK OF SANITATION IN JOHANNESBURG.

Lydenburg Camp, near Johannesburg, Transvaal.

'I feel as in duty bound to write and compliment you upon the WONDERFUL EFFECTS of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in CLEARING the BODY of ALL FOUL SECRETIONS. I may add that for the last twelve years I have never been without it. I spent four years in New Orleans and the West Indies, and although people DIE there DAILY of FEVER, YET I ESCAPED, and I feel sure that it was owing to my KEEPING MY BLOOD COOL and my stomach in order by the USE OF ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I came to this country eight years ago, and have lived in my capacity of GOLD PROSPECTOR in some of the MOST FEVER-STRICKEN parts of AFRICA. Just after the Jameson Raid, I and five companions volunteered for service in Matabeleland. I, of course, took a good supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' with me. I may say, that of my five friends, with the exception of one who was killed, the REST were ALL DOWN with FEVER whilst in the fly country. Never in my life have I felt better, although FEVER is VERY PREVALENT in JOHANNESBURG owing to LACK of SANITATION or any system of drainage. You are at liberty to make whatever use you wish of this letter or of my name.

'Yours faithfully, TRUTH, Nov. 16, 1896.'

THERE IS NO DOUBT that where ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has been taken in the Earliest Stages of a Disease it has in innumerable instances PREVENTED A SERIOUS ILLNESS. Its effect on any DISORDERED or FEVERISH CONDITION is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is in fact NATURE'S OWN REMEDY and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

THE UPPER DISTRICTS OF THE CONGO.—BLOOD POISONS.—A GENTLEMAN WRITES: 'ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is without doubt the first in its class in febrifuge preparations. During my journeyings from Zanzibar to the Upper Districts of the Congo, as well as a long residence in the Tropics, I have never felt safe without it. I am at present in England on three months' leave.—Yours truly, VERITAS.'

Examine each Bottle and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

Prepared only at **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.**

PETER ROBINSON'S

EXTENSIVE SHOW-ROOMS

AND GALLERIES

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**ALL THE NOVELTIES
FOR THE SEASON.**

*Mantles, Costumes, Blouses, Millinery, Tea-Gowns,
Lingerie, Silks, Dress Fabrics, Trimmings, Lace, &c.*

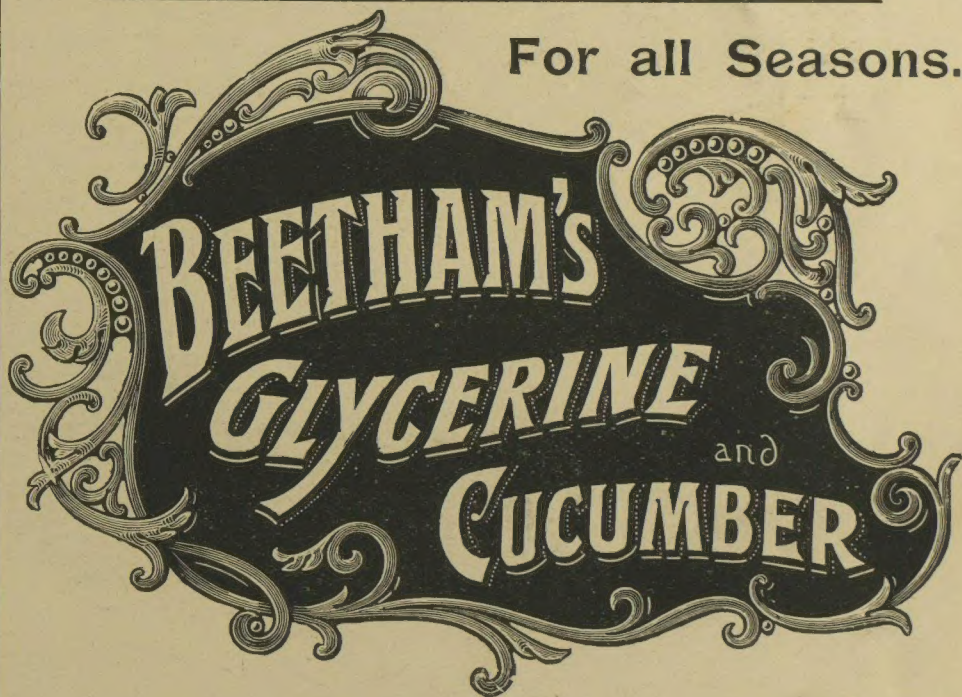
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For all Seasons.



HAS NO EQUAL

FOR PRESERVING THE SKIN

From the Effects of FROST, COLD WINDS, HARD WATER, and Inferior Soaps.

It Removes & Prevents all Redness, Roughness, Chaps, Irritation, &c.,

AND

KEEPS THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, & WHITE

AT ALL SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

"BEETHAM'S GLYCERINE AND CUCUMBER" is perfectly Harmless, and may be applied to the Skin of the Tenderest Infant. Invaluable for the Toilet and Nursery.

A CLEAR AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
is ensured by its use.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Be sure to ask for "BEETHAM'S," the ONLY GENUINE. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

HELP FOR THE HELPERS.

THE WILDERNESS OF SUFFERING—what a terrible thing it is!—Look any day into any one of our children's hospitals, and see what crosses these little ones have to bear. And though those relieved are in number many, yet there is a great multitude asking, crying, pleading for help. Hence it was more than a happy thought—it was a golden idea—of Messrs. Mellin, the well-known Infants' and Invalids' Food people, to devote the proceeds of their recent art exhibition to the great cause of charity. The exhibition could never have been carried out except as a work of love. There were some 4000 exhibits—oils, water-colours, and photographs. These came from here, there, and everywhere—in fact, from all parts of Great and Greater Britain, and from other provinces as well. This is of interest, for it shows in what a wide way and how far-reaching Messrs. Mellin's manufactures are appreciated. The exhibition was a costly one; but before beginning it Messrs. Mellin determined that the proceeds should be devoted to charity. So far these proceeds have totalled up to £247 10s., and that sum has been divided as follows: Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip Disease,



"THE PATH OF ART."

FIRST PRIZE, CLASS B—WATER.]

[F. TENNANT POTTER.

Dispensary for Women, £22 10s.; Evelina Hospital for Sick Children, £22 10s.; Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, £22 10s.; North

Royal Hospital for Sick Children, £22 10s.; Brighton Royal Alexandra Hospital for Sick Children, £22 10s.

Besides this major amount, a special appeal was made for the *Referee* Children's Dinner Fund, and £10 6s. 9d. was collected for that object.

The exhibition itself was a red-letter day in the Mellin's Food people's annals. It made one more success on their long list of successes. Not the least among these successes is the immense number of testimonials which they hold from grateful mothers—stern believers in their food and its results. And these testimonials have come from high and low, rich and poor. They all tell how this baby or that invalid have thrived on Mellin's Food. Unique among the letters is one from H.I.M. the Empress of Germany, stating that the little Princes were reared on the food. What a splendid foundation it was for them, you know if you have seen their portraits. The little Princes are types of good health, blithe, bright, and jolly—fine specimens of what children should be.

Necessarily in the 4000 pictures the work was varied. There were very good, good, indifferent, and bad. The



FIRST PRIZE, CLASS C—OILS.]

"INTERIOR, BROADWAY."

[S. E. WHITEHOUSE.

£22 10s.; Belgrave Hospital for Children, £22 10s.; Cheyne Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children, £22 10s.; East London Hospital for Children, and

Eastern Hospital for Children, £22 10s.; St. Mary's Day Nursery and Hospital for Sick Children, £22 10s.; Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, £22 10s.; Edinburgh

best got the prizes, and the pictures shown here are some of these. These pictures are now the property of Messrs. Mellin's Food, Limited, and are copyright.